Beaver & Gephart

Bellefonte Republican.

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VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. NOVEMBER 10, 1892. NO. 44

IT IS CLEVELAND.

AND THE REPUBLICAN BIRD IS HEADLESS

He Wins Hands Down

ON A TARIFF REFORM PLATFORM ETC., ETC., ETC.

THE RETURNS BELOW TELLS THE WHOLE STORY.

The result of the election on Tuesday, as shown by the late returns, is a sweeping victory for the Democrats. Cleveland and Stevenson secure the electors of all the doubtful states, and in addition the Republicans lose Illinois and Wisconsin.

In the United States Senate the Republicans may have a majority of two, but there is a liklihood that even this may be reduced to a tie when the legislative returns of all the new states are in.

The latest returns indicate the electoral vote to have been cast as follows:

FOR GROVER CLEVELAND.

Alabama	11
Arkansas	8
California	9
Connecticut	6
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	13
Illinois	24
Indiana	15
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8
Maryland	8
Michigan	6
Mississippi	9
Missouri	17
New Jersey	10
New York	36
North Carolina	11
Ohio	23
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	15
Virginia	12
West Virginia	6
Wisconsin	12
Wyoming	3
Total	303

FOR BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Iowa	13
Maine	6
Massachusetts	15
Michigan	8
Minnesota	9
Nebraska	8
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	32
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	4
Washington	4
Total	110

FOR JAMES B. WEAVER.

Colorado	4
Idaho	3
Kansas	10
Montana	3
Nevada	8
North Dakota	3
Oregon	1
South Dakota	4
Total	31

The Democratic "landslide" has been complete and overwhelming. Latest returns from the states appear below.

CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 9. According to returns counted in this city thus far Cleveland will have a plurality of about 7,000.

Weaver's vote was somewhat larger than was estimated by the managers of both parties and cut into the Republican vote in some countries much heavier than it did into the Democratic vote. The legislature is still in doubt, but will probably be Republican on joint ballot. The Democrats will in all probability carry four Congressional districts, the first, second, fourth and sixth and the Republicans the remaining three, although the vote is close in seventh district, with chances in favor of the Republicans.

OHIO.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 9.—Late returns reveal the fact that the result in Ohio is very close. The Democratic electors have a lead of a little over 700 plurality with four counties to hear from. Three of these are Democratic. The fourth is Republican. S. M. Taylor, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, claims his election by 676; it is however thought that he runs behind the Republican electors.

INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 9.—Fifty counties out of ninety-two in Indiana show a Democratic gain over 1888 of 5,300. The same ratio kept up for the rest of the state will give about 9,600 for the whole state. Deducting the Republican plurality of that year, of 3,300, leaves 7,500 as the Democrat plurality. These figures are not official.

DELAWARE.

WILMINGTON, Nov. 9.—Cleveland's plurality in the state is 578, divided by counties as follows: New Castle 267; Kent 181; Sussex 130. John W. Canse, Democrat is re-elected to Congress by about the same majority.

NEBRASKA.

OMAHA, Nov. 9.—The Republicans have probably elected governor and the entire state ticket in Nebraska, but the returns are slow. Weaver has probably carried the state by a small plurality. Bryan, Democrat, for Congress, will not have over 500 majority.

VIRGINIA.

WHEELING, W. Va., Nov. 9.—West Virginia has surprised even many Democrats by remaining true to the solid south. Yesterday everybody conceded that the state would go Republican. To-night the Republican state committee concede the election or McCorkle, Democrat, for Governor, by 1,000. The state has gone for Cleveland. The legislature will be Democratic on joint ballot by ten majority.

NEW JERSEY.

TRENTON, Nov. 9.—The indications to-night are that Cleveland has carried New Jersey by 7,500, and that Werts, Democrat, for Governor, has been elected by a plurality of 4,000. The next legislature will stand: Senate, Republicans 4; Democrats 17; House, Democrats 56, Republicans 25. The Democrats on joint ballot will have 31. For Congress the Republicans have carried the First and Second district and possible the Eighth.

WYOMING.

CHEYENNE, Wyo., Nov. 9.—It will require an official count to decide if Wyoming is for Harrison or Weaver, the majority will be 100 either way. Chairman Vandewanter, of the Republican State Committee, conceded the election of Osborne for Governor, Clarke for Supreme Judge. He claims the legislature on joint ballot.

WISCONSIN.

Democratic Chairman Wall says Cleveland and Peck are elected by about 13,000 Returns are incomplete but will not make any material difference in the result.

OREGON.

253 out of 645 precincts give Harrison 22,127, Cleveland 8,708, Weaver 18,268.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 9.—From returns received from this state up to ten o'clock to-night conservative estimates place Harrison's majority at about 60,000.

UNITED STATE SENATE!

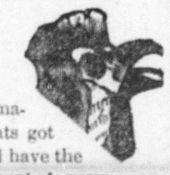
WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Equally important as the contest over the Presidency yesterday was the political complexion of the next Senate. That body now embraces 47 Republicans, 39 Democrats and 2 Farmers' Alliance men—a Republican majority of 6 over the combined opposition. On March 4 next twenty-nine seats in the Senate will become vacant by expiration of the terms of the present Senators. Six of the retiring Senators have already been re-elected—Sherman, Aldrich and Proctor, Republicans; and Gorman, George and Daniel, Democrats.

The returns of the Legislative election show the loss of two seats by the Republicans—New York and Wisconsin—and leave four seats in doubt, three of these being now held by Republicans and only one by a Democrat. If the Republicans, hold their own in the doubtful states, the next Senate will be made up of 45 Republicans, 41 Democrats, and 2 Farmers' Alliance men—a Republican majority of 2 only, The loss of one more seat will thus tie the Senate, and the loss of 2 seats will turn its control over to the opposition.

IN CENTRE COUNTY.

The result of the election in Centre county is no more of a surprise than the result all over the United States; in fact not as much so. That the democrats would have a good majority was always conceded, though the large majority shown by the returns was not expected. For this there might be several reasons shown but the same can also be summed up in the fact that the Republicans failed to get out their full vote while the Democrats were out almost to a man. Just why this is those who care to know might find out by persuing a close investigation. For ourselves, life is too short to make any fuss over "spilled milk." The fact is patent to all that we are beaten. and be it for what reason it may, there is little use to go to work fault-finding. The odds are too great to blame the result on any but the people themselves. Centre county has not more than a good 300 democratic majority and why it should give a one thousand majority can only be explained by the indifference of the republican voter. The result, however will be a strong lesson to profit by in the future, if the Republican party ever hopes to gain a stronghold in old Centre. In another place in this paper we give the full vote of Centre County by districts.

THIS ROOSTERLESS HEAD.



The rooster to this head can be found in another column along with the Democratic majorities. The Democrats got the rooster, but we still have the head, and during the next 4 years shall grow such a rooster on to it that his crowing on the morning after the election in 1896 will reverberate from ocean to ocean awakening the slumbering echoes and the closed manufactories with the glad cry of an overwhelming Republican victory. Selah

THE ELECTION.

The election is over and the republican party has met one of the most complete defeats it ever had in its history for over thirty years has this noble party held control of the government of the country and they have been the most prosperous years any people on the face of the earth ever knew but the election of Cleveland proves that a great majority are willing to try the dangerous experiment of depating from a governmental policy that has resulted in good to the whole country, and adopting in its stead that of a party which the far-seeing and wisest of political economists view with doubt. For the first time in over thirty years the Democratic party will, practically, have complete power, and will be enabled to shape its policy and carry into execution the promises it has made concerning "tariff reform," the national currency and other issues of no less moment. What the outcome of this experiment will be can only be conjectured, but the patriotic people, always willing and ever ready to abide by the verdict of the majority, will calmly face the emergency and trust for the best results.

KILLED AS SHE SLEPT.

DANVILLE, November 8.—Particulars were received here this morning of the brutal killing of Mrs. Allison Owens by her husband, near Albany, the county seat of Clinton county. Owens, who is a son of R. D. Owens, a prominent citizen of Clinton county, arose from his bed about 2 o'clock, and procuring an axe he burled it deep in the side of his wife's head. She died without a struggle. Owens then tried to kill himself by cutting his throat with a razor, but was not sucessful. When Owens found that he would live he begged the doctors to let him die. He made no explanation of his rash act.

LICENSING ENGINEERS.

The question of licensing engineers is being so agitated in every state in the Union that within a short time, for the protection of human lives, it will be impossible for any one intrusted with steam to hold or secure a situation without passing a rigid examination and obtaining a license. Stepenson's Illustrated Practical Test has been published to aid engineers preparing to pass such examination; and as it embraces all the questions asked on the Boiler, Pump, Engine, Dynamo, Corliss Engine, &c., it has already met with such a demand that it is now in its fourth edition. This work, which only costs one dollar, can be obtained of the publisher, Walter C. Kraft, 70 La Salle Street, Chicago.

THE STATE OF TRADE.

The traffic returns made during last week by four of the leading railroad systems of the country show larger gross receipts in October than in any previous month in their history. While these returns relate to business two or three weeks ago, they confirm the reviews then made of the prevailing activity and aid the skeptical in accepting the reports of current trade, which continue as favorable as ever. It can hardly be expected that such a tremendous movement will be kept up, as it was due in large measure to the unprecedented shipments of grain to primary markets. These shipments are now falling off, but the distribution of manufactured products are on the increase, and promises to keep the railroads busy for the remainder of the year. The bank exchanges last week were nearly $1,400,000,000, an increase of $225,000,000 over the week before and of 30 per cent over the corresponding period last year.

So much for the volume of trade. As to profits on the business, some improvement is taking place. At this season a year ago, when the farmers were receiving high prices for their products, manufacturers were in the dumps. The latter sought to better their condition by restricting the output and were partially successful; but it was not until this fall that the benefits of this policy began to accrue. Now, while prices of finished iron and steel and textile fabrics are firm and advancing. farm products have continued to decline and wheat has reached the cost price ever quoted in New York and St. Louis. The depression is undoubtedly due to large crops at home and abroad, but there are indications that a turn for the better is at hand. The low price will increase consumption, just as high prices reduced it last year, when Europe was suffering from famine and at the same time was undergoing financial and commercial depression.

The money markets of the world have continued active and firm, and as speculation is at a low ebb, there can be no doubt that the increased demand is to meet the requirements of legitimate business. The Clearing House reports bear unmistakable evidence on this point, the returns from 55 cities showing gains ranging from 10 to 58 per cent at 42 leading cities and losses at only 13, the latter being insignificant. The increase in exports over imports of merchandise during last week was a favorable factor, inasmuch as it tends to remove fears of further shipments of gold, if it does not presage a return of the yellow metal. The records of business failures, however, is not so favorable although taken as a whole financial and commercial conditions are very satisfactory.

TWO OBNOXIOUS MEN.

The New York Democratic press is at present dividing its attention between Rev. Dr. Parkhurst and John I Davenport. It is a little difficult to tell which of these characters is most obnoxious to our Democratic cotemporaries, but as the attacks on both are exceedingly virulent it is evident that they are *personæ non gratæ* to New York Democratic opinion.

Each of these prominent gentlemen have made persistent attacks on species of vice which are in the nature of corner stones to the Tammany edifice. Dr. Parkhurst has attacked, exposed and threatened with overthrow the toleration of vice from which the Tammany organization draws its local revenue. Davenport attacks the other Tammany method of controlling the polls of colonized voters and repeaters. It is clear that if Tammany had neither the disorderly resorts to assess a revenue tariff upon, with incidental protection to the same, nor the power to pile up votes by its control of the voting machinery, it would quickly become as Samson shorn of his hair. It is evident that Parkhurst and Davenport are foes of Tammany, which may sufficiently account for the virulence which possesses the Tammany organs when either of them do anything.

Nevertheless it may be questioned whether it is discreet for the Tammany press of New York to display so plainly the animus derived from the fact that Tammany draws its revenue from the haunts of vice and wins its battles by frauds on the ballot.

ON THE CHECK-REIN.

We are glad to find in various exchanges articles on the check-rein, of which the following editorial of "*The Troy Daily Press*," of October 6th, is a sample:—

"In the current number of '*Good Roads*' George T. Angell vindicates his name by writing vigorously on the folly and cruelty of the check-rein. Another distinguished English veterinarian, John Adams McBride, describes condition as the result of using the check-rein which 'would lead to increased pressure upon the nerves of the neck, causing pain to the animal, and, further it would predispose the unfortunate victim of fashion to such disease as megrims, apoplexy; coma, inflammation, and softening of the brain. Mr. Angell forcibly concludes: 'The custom of tying up horses, heads with tight check-reins, like the custom of bleeding calves before they are killed, is a relic of barbarism, contrary alike to common sense and scientific opinion, and which has been permitted to exist so long because it has been nobody's business to call public attention to it.'"

INSTANTLY KILLED.

A Rolling Stone at Carlim Crushes a Man to Death.

Another terrible accident occurred at Carlim yesterday by which a human being was suddenly ushered into the eternal world. The victim in this instance was William Gorsuch, a residence of Etna, and the accident occurred in the following manner: Mr. Corsuch got up on a large stone, his purpose being to loosen another one with a bar which he carried with him. Just as he had accomplished his purpose the stone upon which he stood rolled, throwing him to the bottom of the quarry. The stone which he had loosened from its bed rolled down after him, striking and almost cutting off the top of his head and crushing it. He was also the victim of other injuries, any one of which would have proved fatal. As it was, his death was instantaneous. An inquest was held, but we have not learned what the verdict was. Afterwards his body was removed to his home at Etna. He leaves a wife and five children. Our Williamsport correspondent, to whom we are indebted for the above facts, says it was impossible to get and information in addition to the above.

ANOTHER BREAK IN THE RANKS.

HOMESTEAD, November 8.—There was more of a break in the strikers' ranks yesterday morning than was first reported. About a dozen men returned to work, and among the number were three amalgamated men—William Lloyd, Thomas Davis and Philip Tillman. The return of John Schultz to his old position in the mill—that of master mechanic—is a big blow to the locked-out men. It is reported that he is now paid a salary of $350 per month. A strong effort was made by the Amalgamated men to keep him from returning to work in the mill, as it is well known that his return would mean a serious break in the ranks, but the increase of salary was too big an inducement for him to remain out.

A morning paper makes mention of four business failures in this town since the strike commenced, but it is an egregious blunder on the part of the reporter. Two failures spoken of in the paper occured before the lock-out took place, and the clothing store of Heffley is still open for business. There has been but one failure since the strike was ordered on. It is reported that there is a movement on foot by which, is concurred in by the leaders of the locked-out men, a speedy settlement of the present trouble here may be looked for.

A DASTARDLY CRIME.

LONDON, November 8.—A most dastardly crime is reported from Blackburn. Near there resides a farmer named Barnes, who had a daughter, a young and beautiful girl. To-day her body was found near her father's home. Her face had been battered to a jelly. A handkerchief was found in her mouth, where her assailant had stuffed it to prevent her cries for assistance being heard. Her clothing was torn and disarranged, and the place where the body was found showed signs of a desperate struggle. A medical examinatin revealed the fact that the girl had been outraged. Everything goes to show that she made a long struggle to save herself from the clutches of her assailant and that the latter, after accomplished his purpose, had killed her to escape arrest. The police are scouring the country for her murderer.

THE COMING CIVILIZATION

It may be treason, but we believe the day is near when every human being will be born to an inheritance of board, clothes, and shelter. They are far too many to mention. We will cite a couple that have come under our observation within a week, and, let it be understood, we are not "running amuck" against capital, for we find that men of wealth are earnestly and kindly studying the problem, for which they are no more responsible than others, but it has been forced on their, and our attention by the enormous development of commerce in our nation since the civil war. The largest flour mills in the world, located in Minneapolis, Minn., share their profits with their employes. We wrote the management and received a most interesting reply, which we insert.

MARRIED,

COMER—HUEY, Oct. 13st., at his residence, by J. H. Oliger J. P. William B. Comer and Mattie Huey, both of spring township, this county.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Washington Nov. 4. 1892. The President has issued the following proclamation:

"The gifts of God to our people during the past year have been so abundent and so special that the spirit of devout thanksgiving awaits not a call but only the appointment of a day when it may have a common expression. He has stayed the pestilence at our door. He has given us more love for the free civil institutions in the creation of which His directing providence was so conspicuous; He has awakened a deeper reverence for law; He has widened our philanthropy by a call to succor the distress in other lands; He has blessed our schools and is bringing forward a patriotic and God-fearing generation to execute His great and benevolent designs for our country. He has given a great increase in material wealth and a wide diffusion of contentment and comfort in the homes of our people; He has given His grace to the sorrowing.

"Wherefore. I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, do call upon all our people to observe as we have been wont, Thursday, the twenty-fourth day of this month of November, as a day of thanksgiving to God for His mercies and of supplication for His continued care and grace.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington, this fourth day of November, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two and of the independence of the United States, the one hundred and seventeenth."

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

By JOHN W. FOSTER, Sec,y of State.

WEDDED HIS OWN CHILD.

ACHICAGO DISCOVERS THAT HIS WIFE IS HIS DAUGHTER.

Samuel Clinton Willetts, aged 62, who married his son's widow two years ago, is in a strange predicament. According to his statements to Lawyer James W. Druillard, to whom he applied for legal advice to-day, Willetts has probably wedded his own child. She was his offspring by his runaway marrige of 45 years ago.

Willetts' first wife was Miss Mamie Evans. They were married at Erie, Pa., both being under 20. After the birth of a girl baby they quarrelled and the wife and child disappeared. Six years later, and after apparently well-founded reports of their death, Willetts married Caroline Stevens in a town near Erie. A son was born but the wife died. The boy George, growing to manhood, went on the road for Harding, Davis & Co., wholesale hardware dealers of Pittsburg, and on Christmas, 1860, surprised his father by returning from Cleveland with a bride Miss Helen Wright. The young couple lived happily for 28 years, but were childless.

In 1888 George Willetts died. The father had from the first a singular affection for his daughter-in-law, and in 1890 they were married in London, England. Since then Mrs. Willetts' reminiscences of her childhood led to investigations. Willetts' runaway wife married a John Wright, of Cleveland. Their little girl under the name of Wright was reared to womanhood, and a detective is in the latter city to ascertain the facts in the case. Mr. Willetts is well-to-do financially.

In speaking of the new method of voting the Altoona Tribune says: The new ballot law has stood the test, and we think that the overwhelming majority of the people of this commonwealth are now satisfied that is decidedly better than the one it superceded, and that all it needs is the incorporation of certain provision in the interest of clearness, which were in the bill as originally reported to the house and which were changed for the worse by the stubbornness of the senate. The practical politicians who spent much valuable time in trying to intimidate the people by manufacturing all sorts of pictures about the size of the ballot, the danger of losing one's vote, etc., have played their game and lost. If they are wise they will now submit to the inevitable. They may even prepare themselves for an advance in the way of reform in the shape of a "Corrupt Practices act," based upon the Massachusetts law, or better yet, upon the English statute, which limits the sum a candidate may pay, requires a sworn itemized statement of every penny expended, and unseats any officer who violates it. This law has put an end to corruption in England and a man does not spend a fortune there in getting a small office.

However soliciitious mothers may be about the health and comfort of their little children they cannot prevent them from contracting croup and whooping-cough. But while they cannot prevent their troubles they can readily cure the little ones with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

CORA, the OCTAROON

[Continued.]

"I can!" exclaimed William Bowen, emerging from the window of the morning room. "You refused me a paltry thousand dollars. Mr. Silas Craig; I reckon I've paid you out for your shabby conduct. Here's the receipt—the genuine document—in your own handwriting, signed with your own name, and given by you to Philip Treverton.

He thrust an open paper into the attorney's hand. Silas sat gasping at the document, as if he had been rooted to the spot.

"Ay, you may stare," said Bowen. "You told me to burn that paper, didn't you, upon the night of Philip Treverton's death? And you saw me burn it as you thought; but I knew the slippery customer I had to deal with, and I changed the papers. You thought you heard footsteps outside the door, and while you turned round to listen I substituted a blank sheet of foolscap for the receipt, and thrust it into the fire. You saw the blaze, and you were satisfied. I kept the genuine document, thinking it might be useful."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE AVENGER.

Paul Lisimon received the parchment from the hand of Pauline Corsi, with the bewildered manner of one who scarce knows whether he is awake or dreaming; but the entrance of the Captain of the Amazon obliged the young man to recover from the temporary stupor into which he had been thrown.

"Mademoiselle Corsi!" he exclaimed; "Prendergills, what does this mean?"

"You, Armand, will leave me for today," murmured Pauline, placing her hand in that of her lover; "I have a task to perform before I shall be worthy of your affection. In the meantime trust me, and wait."

"I will," answered the artist; "I will return to my hotel and be ready to attend you at any moment you may need my presence."

"Gentlemen," said the Frenchwoman, turning to the two visitors, who had been looking on with considerable wonderment, at a scene they had been unable to comprehend, "I fear that we have sadly wasted your valuable time. Events have occurred which will unavoidably postpone the ceremony you were invited to witness."

"Then there will be no wedding today, mademoiselle?"

"There will not."

"Don Juan is ill, I fear?" said one of the guests.

"He is not quite himself," answered Pauline, gravely.

The two gentlemen expressed their regret and retired, accompanied by Armand Tremlay. Captain Prendergills seated himself in an easy chair, and stretching his great legs upon an embroidered cushion, took a pipe and tobacco-pouch from his pocket, and prepared to enjoy himself.

"If you could send me a bottle of brandy to wet my lips with, while I'm waiting, I should take it kindly, mademoiselle," he said.

Pauline promised that his request should be attended to, and left the room followed by Paul.

But on the threshold of Don Juan's apartment, she paused and hesitated a moment.

"He knows nothing yet of what has happened," she said; "I had better see him alone. Wait!"

She entered the apartment and remained about a quarter of an hour. That period seemed an age to the young man as he paced up and down the hall.

He had thrust the parchment into the bosom of his coat. He was dying to peruse its contents, but refrained from doing so until he could gain the solitude of his own chamber.

He did not perceive two glaring eyes which followed his every movement from a dark corner of the shady hall.

The eyes were those of Tristan the slave, who stood concealed behind one of the pillars which supported the ceiling of the apartment. Pauline Corsi at last emerged from the chamber of Don Juan.

"He will not see you yet," she said, "but in two hours from this time you are to go to him, and all will be arranged. He promises that the past shall be atoned for, at least as far as you are concerned. In the meantime you had better rest, for you look haggard and worn out, as if you had not slept for long."

"I have not," answered Paul; "my duties on board the Amazon and my own troubles have hindered me from sleep."

"Then go to your own room and rest. Remember your interview with Don Juan will be a painful one, and you will need to be prepared for it."

"But Camillia, let me see her—"

"Not until you have seen her father. Nay, do not think me cruel; trust me, I act, for the best. She has seen your name and character cleared to the eyes of the world, and she is happy. You will forget the foolish words I spoke to you when last we met in the house, and you will trust me, will you not?"

"I will, Pauline."

"Then prove your trust by implicit obedience."

"I will," answered the young man.

He retired to his old apartment. It had been undisturbed since the day on which he quitted it. His books and papers all remained as he had left them, not a speck of dust had gathered upon any article in the room.

He knew that this was owing to the orders given by Camillia Moraquitos to her favorite slave, Pepita.

He entered the chamber, and was about to secure the door before reading the document given him by Pauline, but he found to his surprise, that there was no key in the lock.

He had always been in the habit of locking the door, and he knew, therefore, that the key had been removed since he left the villa.

Taking the parchment from his breast he seated himself near the window, beneath the shade of the Venetian shutters, and commenced his examination of the all important document.

It was the last will and document of Tomaso Crivelli, in which the Spaniard bequeathed his entire fortune to his only and beloved son, Paul Crivelli. Attached to the will was a letter addressed to Paul, in which Don Tomaso revealed to him that he was the son of a favorite quadroon slave, whom the Spaniard had married after giving her her freedom.

The marriage had been kept a secret on account of the false pride of Don Tomaso, which would not permit him to acknowledge as his wife one who was known to have been his slave.

After reading these two documents the young man fell upon his knees in an attitude of thanksgiving.

"Providence, I thank thee!" he exclaimed. "I am no longer a nameless outcast—a dependent on charity of strangers. He whom I so dearly loved was indeed my father, and humble though my mother may have been, her son has no cause to blush for her."

His next care was to place the precious documents in safety.

He would not trust them about his own person lest his uncle should have found some plot to get them from him; he therefore secured them in a small leather portmanteau, the lock of which would have defied the cleverest thief in America.

The key he attached to a thin gold chain, which he wore under his waistcoat, and which held the locket containing Camillia's portrait; the locket which had been observed by Augustus Horton.

Having done this Paul looked at his watch.

The whole business had only occupied half an hour; he had therefore an hour and a half to wait before his interview with Don Juan Moraquitos.

Pauline Corsi had forbidden him to leave his apartments until summoned to that interview.

He took up a book, but was unable to concentrate his attention upon the pages.

A low couch stood near the window, and Paul threw himself upon the cushion, and abandoned himself to reflection.

He did not mean to sleep, but the morning was hot and sultry; and exhausted by excitement and by long nights of fatigue, his eyes closed and he fell into a slumber.

While he lay in that strange state of semi-consciousness, which is neither sleeping nor waking, he fancied that he saw a dark figure glide softly in at the door of the chamber and conceal itself behind the ample folds of the window curtains.

This figure entered the room with so noiseless a tread, and disappeared so quickly, that Paul, whose eyes had been half closed all the time, thought the apparition formed part of his dream.

He fell into a deep slumber, from which he was suddenly aroused by the shutting of the door of his apartment.

This door had been closed so quietly, that the sound would have been unheard by an ordinary sleeper; but the overstrained state of the young man's nerves was such that a whisper would have awakened him.

The room was darkened by the closed Venetian shutters, which excluded the burning sun, and left the apartment in shadow.

Paul sprang to his feet and looked about him. The chamber was empty.

He tore aside the window curtains, but there was no one lurking behind their voluminous draperies.

His next impulse was to look to the safety of the portmanteau. It was gone!

He had placed it on a chair near the couch, on which he lay, but the chair was empty.

He searched the apartment, but in vain; the portmanteau had disappeared.

He rushed from the room, and to the hall below; the first person he met was Pepita. He inquired of her, if she had met any one carrying a portmanteau.

"A little leather box, massa?"

"Yes, yes."

"Tristan jes carry one out of de house den, massa; Pepita see him," answered the mulattress.

"Which way did he go?" exclaimed Paul, breathless with agitation.

"Out o' door Massa Paul; to de woodhouse, Pepita tink."

Paul waited to hear no more, but rushed to the back premises, amongst which the wood-house was situated.

The wood-house was a rudely-constructed building, in which timber was kept for the stoves. As Paul approached the door, he perceived wreaths of pale blue smoke issuing from the crevices in the wood work.

This smoke indicated the burning of timber in the hut. Paul tried to open the door, but it was bolted from the inside. He flung himself with all his force against it, but it resisted his efforts.

He felt that the slave Tristan had taken the portmanteau into the hut for some evil design.

"Tristan!" he cried, "Tristan! open the door, or I will shoot you through a crevice in the wood."

The negro only answered with a mocking laugh. Meanwhile the smoke, increasing every moment in volume, almost suffocated the young man with its stifling fumes.

Suddenly Paul remembered that on the other side of the wood-house there was a small window which admitted light into the building.

He ran round to this window.

The shutters were nailed together, but the wood was rotten and the hinges worn and rusty.

Paul wrenched them asunder with the rapidity of lightning, dashed his hand through the dingy glass of the window, flung it open and sprang into the hut.

A log fire was blazing in the center of the building, and Tristan, the negro, knelt over the flames with the portmanteau in his hand.

Paul sprang upon him and tore the leather case from his grasp, but the negro was the stronger of the two.

He regained possession of the portmanteau and made toward the door of the hut.

Again Paul flung himself upon him, and this time the struggle between the two men was terrible in its intensity.

The face of Paul was white with concentrated rage, while the dilated eyes of the negro glared like those of a fiend.

Tristan's superior strength had nearly mastered his opponent, when, with a desperate effort, Paul grasped the portmanteau, and with one well-planted blow, brought the negro to the ground.

He lay where he had fallen, stunned and motionless.

Paul returned to the house carrying the precious burden with him. The two hours had nearly expired, and the time approached for his interview with Don Juan.

He carried the portmanteau to his apartment, unlocked it, took out the documents and placed them once more in his bosom, determined to carry them on his person at any risk.

"They must kill me before they obtain them," he muttered.

He looked at his watch. The two hours had fully expired. The interview was to take place at one o'clock. The hands upon the dial pointed to the hour.

He left his room in order to proceed to Don Juan's apartment; but upon the landing-place his steps were arrested by a strange and appalling sound.

That sound was the report of a pistol which reverberated through the hall below.

Paul was not the only person who heard the ominous sound. As he paused for a moment motionless with horror and alarm, the door of the apartment opposite to him was opened and Pauline Corsi stood upon the threshold.

She was not alone; close behind her appeared the pale face of Camillia Moraquitos.

Both the women were terribly agitated.

The Spanish girl endeavored to rush out upon the landing, but Pauline threw her arms about her and arrested her steps.

"Keep her back," she cried; "if you love her, keep her back, Paul, while I go and see what that sound means."

Paul obeyed; he led Camillia back into her own apartment, and endeavored to calm her agitation.

But in vain. She would not listen to his attempts at consolation; but implored him again and again to let her go to her father.

"I know that something dreadful has happened," she said; "you are all in league to deceive me. My father is in danger, and you are cruel enough to keep me from rushing to his side."

At this moment Pauline Corsi returned. The young man saw by her ghastly face that something terrible had indeed occurred.

"Come with me, Paul," she said; "you can see Don Juan now."

Camillia caught hold of her hand. "He can see my father. Ah, then, he is safe; he is safe, Pauline?" she cried.

The Frenchwoman did not answer, but silently led Paul from the room.

He followed her down the stairs, but on the threshold of Don Juan's chamber she paused, and took the young man's hand in hers, which was icy cold.

"Prepare yourself for a fearful shock, Paul," she said, "for an awful sight. Are you brave enough to encounter them?"

"What you, woman, can endure, I can also bear," he answered calmly.

"Crime brings a fearful retribution," murmured the Frenchwoman, in an awe-stricken voice; "and however slow the footsteps of the avenger, he is not the less sure to overtake his victim. Your uncle has paid the penalty of his sins."

She opened the door, and the young man followed her into the chamber.

It was the chamber of death.

Don Juan Moraquitos lay upon the rich Persian carpet, his face toward the ground, and a pistol lying a few paces from his outstretched hand.

A more ghastly sight had never been shone upon by the bright summer sun, whose beams stole into the apartment through the Venetian shutters, and illuminated the blood-stained floor, on which the suicide was stretched.

Upon the table in the center of the room, lay a letter addressed to Paul Crivelli.

The ink of the superscription was still wet, though the hand which had fashioned the characters was now that of a corpse.

Paul tore open the envelope, and read the words written within. The suicide's letter ran thus:—

"You have been told a secret, which my guilt has kept from you for thirteen years. I do not ask you to forgive me, for you know not, and you will never know, what you have to forgive; I go to seek mercy from a higher tribunal than those which meet on earth. I could not lire to blush beneath the glance of my nephew. You love my poor Camillia: make her happy, and the spirit of him who has wronged you will bless you in death. She will be as rich as yourself. If your love fer the daughter, can ever prompt you to think with less anger of the father's guilt, you will be showing mercy to the unhappy wretch who writes these lines.

"JUANMORAQUITOS."

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE DEAD RETURNED TO LIFE.

Let us return to the moment at which Silas Craig received from the hands of William Bowen, his accomplice and tool, the document which he had fully believed to be destroyed.

It is thus that the wicked are always deserted and betrayed by their allies. The old phrase, "Honor among thieves," is a false and delusive one.

Thus it was with the unscrupulous overseer, William Bowen; so long as his employer had paid him for his silence he was content to suppress the guilty secret of the money which Silas had received from Philip Treverton, but on the first occasion of the attorney's refusing to supply him with funds, he was ready to turn round and betray him.

It was with this view that he had contrived to substitute a blank sheet of paper, and to preserve the actual receipt written and signed by Silas Craig.

The wealthy attorney, the pretended Christian, stood convicted a cheat and a swindler.

Augustus Horton turned indignantly from his old ally.

"Bear witness, Mr. Leslie, and you, Mortimer," he said, "that I did not know what this man was."

Silas Craig gnashed his teeth in silence; then crushing the paper in his hand, he rose from his chair and looked about him.

It was the look of a wild beast at bay; the look of a fox that knows the chase is over and the dogs are round him.

"This receipt is a forgery!" he screamed, in a shrill and broken voice. "I deny its validity!"

"Take care, Silas Craig," said the old accomplice, "I calculate lying won't save you. You'd better speak the truth for once in a way, I reckon, and throw yourself upon the mercy of these gents."

"I deny its validity!" repeated the attorney; "it's an infamous forgery, fabricated by that man, William Bowen. I defy any living creature to prove that Philip Treverton paid me one hundred thousand dollars."

"Beware, Silas Craig!" said a voice from the interior of the apartment. "You defy the living, do you also defy the dead?"

A man emerged from the shadow of the curtains about the window. That man was the elder of the two gold-diggers; but he was no stranger to those assembled there.

"The dead!" gasped Silas dropping once more into his chair.

Those present never forgot the expression of the attorney's face, as with open mouth and protruding eye-balls, he stared at the newcomer.

It was but for a moment that he beheld the gaze of horror, for after one brief glance he covered his face with his outspread hands.

"The dead!" he repeated; "the dead!"

"Philip Treverton!" exclaimed Gerald Leslie.

"Yes, Gerald," answered the stranger, extending his hand to Cora's father; "that Philip Treverton whom you have been taught to think a gamester and a cheat. That Philip to whom, when about to sail for England, you intrusted a large sum of money, to be paid by him to that wretch yonder. You departed, secure in the belief that your friend and partner was a man of honor, and that the money was as safe in his hands as in your own. On your return you were told that your friend was dead, and that the money had not been paid. I have only learned to-day from the lips of Bowen there, your noble and generous conduct. You uttered no word of complaint, no syllable of reproach, but you bore up to the last against the reverses brought upon you, as you thought, by the dishonor of another."

"Do not speak of that, Philip," said Gerald Leslie; "I attributed the loss of the money to some fatal moment of imprudence, and I never, even in thought, accused you of dishonor."

"Imprudence would have been dishonor in such a case," answered Philip Treverton. "Ay, Silas Craig, well may you hide your face from me—well may your eyes refuse to meet those of the man you would have murdered!"

"Murdered!" exclaimed Gerald and Mortimer, while the women listened with white and terrified faces to the disclosures of the returned wanderer.

"Yes, murdered. It is a foul word to speak beneath the broad blue sky, and in the sunlight of yonder heaven, but it is the word for all that."

"Silas Craig," cried Augustus Horton, "have you no word to answer to all this? Can you sit calmly there and hear the accusations? Speak man, speak, and give your accuser the lie."

"He cannot!" said Philip Treverton, pointing to the lawyer. "Is that the attitude of a man who is falsely accused? Look at him; look at him crouching like a beaten hound beneath its master's whip."

"Do not speak of him," cried Gerald Leslie, impetuously, "but explain this mystery. How is it that for a twelvemonth you have disappeared from New Orleans, to return at this moment of ruin and despair?"

"I will tell you," answered Philip Treverton; "and I call upon this man, William Bowen, here, to bear witness of my truth, and on yonder wretch to contradict me if he dare. Upward of a year ago I was left by you with the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in my hands—the amount of the loan advanced to our firm by the usurer, Silas Craig. This was to be repaid upon a certain date; that date fell about a month after your departure for England. I held the money more sacred than my life, and I laid it by in the strong box devoted to important documents."

"You did as I myself would have done," said Gerald Leslie.

"I did; but I was by no means faultless. I was the victim of a vice which has brought dishonor upon men who never thought to blush before their fellow men—I was a gamester! I devoted my days to business cheerfully, conscientiously; but at night the demon of the dice-box lured me from my quiet home, and led me to a secret gambling-house in Columbia Street—a house known to all the gamblers of New Orleans, but which flourishes in bold defiance of the law. I had known this house for years, and had been a constant guest at its unholy altars, but there was one thing concerning it that I did not know."

"And that was—?"

"Its owner! I did not know that Silas Craig, the lawyer, that sanctimonious attorney whom men met every Sunday morning in the sacred temple of Heaven; I did not know that this man was the proprietor of that earthly hell, the wretch that pandered in secret to the vices of his fellow-citizens. I did not know this, and I did not know that the gaming-house in Columbia Street communicated by a secret passage with the office of Silas Craig."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Augustus Horton.

"Ay, the secret has been well kept; and it is a secret that was only to have been known to me when the hand of Death was on my lips to seal them to eternal silence. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable. The day arrived upon which our debt to this man became due. At twelve o'clock on that day I called, delivered to him the sum of one hundred thousand dollars in bills of exchange, and received his written acknowledgement of the money. This done I left as light as a feather. A load was removed from my mind, and I determined to spend a day of enjoyment. I dined with some friends at a hotel, and after sitting late over the table, and drinking a good deal of wine, we adjourned to the gambling-house in Columbia Street."

There was a brief pause; but Silas Craig never stirred from his abject attitude, never attempted by either word or gesture, to contradict the speaker.

"We played for some hours, but my friends were not such inveterate gamesters as myself, and they grew weary of the demoniac fever. After persuading me to quit the place with them, they at last lost patience with my folly and departed, leaving me still at the fatal green cloth. It was by this time four o'clock in the morning. I had drunk a great deal, and I had been losing money. My head was bewildered; my brain dizzy, and my temper soured by my losses. The room was almost deserted, but I still sat with my eyes fixed upon the game, madly endeavoring to retrieve my losses. At this crisis a great brawny fellow opposite to me, a Frenchman, ventured to insult me. Tipsy as I was, I was in no humor to brook this. I sprang toward him to chastise his insolence, and a fight ensued, in which I was getting the worst of it, when one of the bystanders interfered, and suggested that we should resort to small swords, and finish the business in a more gentlemanly manner."

"It was a plot!" said Gerald Leslie.

"It was! A villainous and foul plot, concocted by yonder stricken wretch. Stupefied and bewildered I let them do what they pleased with me, and I know nothing of what happened till I found a dueling sword in my hand, and saw that my adversary was armed in the same fashion. By this time the room was entirely deserted, except by my antagonist, the other man and myself. This other man—the same who had suggested our using swords—opened a door in the wall, a door which I had never perceived, and pushed me into a long dimly lighted corridor, which was also strange to me. The door closed behind us, and we hurried along the corridor for some distance, until we were stopped by the stranger who had taken upon himself the management of the business. He placed us opposite each other, put the swords in our hands, and gave us the signal to begin. I felt in a moment that I was a lost man. My head spun round. In the dim light I could scarcely see my adversary's face, as the lamps were so arranged that what light there was fell full upon mine. In vain I tried to parry his thrusts. I had been twice wounded slightly in the shoulder, when the lights were suddenly extinguished, and I felt the sharp pang of a stab from a long and slender sword.

"But this stab did not come from my opponent. Although I lost consciousness upon the moment of receiving the stroke, I knew that I was stabbed in the back."

"Execrable traitors!" exclaimed Gerald, Mortimer, and Augustus.

"When I recovered my senses I found myself in a lonely boat-house on the banks of the Mississippi, for miles from New Orleans. I was lying on a mattress, and my wound had been dressed by a surgeon; but I was too feeble, from loss of blood and the pain I had endured, to utter a word, or ask one question of the man seated by my side."

"You were not alone, then?"

"No! William Bowen, the accomplice of Silas Craig, had repented of the horrible work as soon as it was done, and, under pretense of carrying my body to the river, had contrived to convey me to this lonely shed, which belonged to a friend of his."

"Stop a bit, Mr. Treverton," interrupted William; "when Mr. Craig settled with me that we were to set that villainous Frenchman on to you, get up a duel, and rob you of the receipt for the hundred thousand dollars, it was agreed that you were to be attacked in fair fight, and that you were not to be seriously hurt. It was Mr. Silas Craig yonder who couldn't be content with this; it was he who turned out the gas in the thick of the fight, and stabbed you in the back. You dropped down like a dead man, but the lawyer there was too great a coward to make sure whether you were really dead, he dared not approach within a couple of yards of his victim. He told me to ransack your pockets, and secure the receipt; and then, assisted by the Frenchman to carry the body to the river."

"And you did so."

"I did; but I contrived to get rid of the Frenchman as soon as we reached the quay and then, dropping my bleeding burden into a boat, I rowed down to the boat-house, where I sought a surgeon to look at my patient. Mr. Treverton knows the rest."

"I do, William," answered Philip Treverton; "I know that you attended me faithfully and patiently; and that when I recovered, you assisted me to get off to California, whence, after nearly a twelvemonths' toil, I return so rich a man as to be able to recompense the noble conduct of my old friend, Gerald Leslie. As for yonder wretch," he added, pointing to Craig, "defeat has followed so utterly upon his career of crime that I doubt if the law can do much more to punish him. He will refund the hundred thousand dollars of which he has defrauded his victim."

"I will," gasped the unhappy wretch, rising, and staggering toward the door; "I am rich; take what you will. I shall leave New Orleans forever—"

He stopped suddenly, and passed his handkerchief across his lips, when he removed it, it was stained with patches of crimson.

He had broken a blood-vessel!

CHAPTER XXX.

TRISTAN.

A deathly and terrible gloom reigned in the Villa Moraquitos after the awful catastrophe which had closed the life of Don Juan.

It was impossible to keep the entire truth from Camillia. She was told that she was fatherless, but that the report which she had heard was the result of an accident. The poor girl was made to believe that Don Juan had perished through an accident which had occurred to him while cleaning the fire-arms that ornamented the study. Pauline Corsi watched over her with the tenderness of an elder sister; but the stricken girl abandoned herself to a grief which seemed almost inconsolable.

Late in the afternoon, Paul Crivelli left the house of death, and proceeded to the hotel at which Armand Tremlay was staying.

He was the bearer of a letter from Pauline Corsi; and he informed the artist of the terrible event which had happened since that morning.

"It will be, therefore, some months before I can hope that my cousin Camillia will assume the right to a still dearer name," said Paul, after they had talked for some time of the fearful event.

"I imagine so," answered Armand; "and Pauline tells me that I must be patient, as she will not consent to our marriage taking place on any day but that appointed for yours."

The two young men left the hotel and walked through the more retired streets, until they left the city behind them, and emerged upon the banks of the river.

They walked for some little distance, when they came suddenly upon the figure of a negro, reclining at the foot of an American oak.

He started to his feet as they approached, and Paul recognized the man with whom he had that morning struggled, Tristan, the slave belonging to the late Don Juan.

The negro glared at him with a savage expression in his distended eyeballs.

"It is you," he cried, "you—you! You haunt me wherever I go. I had come here to die."

"To die?"

"Yes. I have poison here," he said clutching at some object in the breast of his shirt. "I overheard all this morning, and I should have been your ruin, had you not overpowered me. I would have burnt the evidence of your birth. I would have prevented your union with Camillia Moraquitos—with her I love?"

"You are mad. What can that slave be but mad who dares to love his mistress? I would grovel upon the earth, and suffer her foot to trample on my neck. I would die a thousand deaths, but I am mad and I love her. I have loved her from those happy hours when she was a little child by yonder sunny river, and I was her plaything, her dog, her slave, but still her companion; and now she loathes and despises the wretched slave, she loves another, and mad Tristan has come into this forest to die."

"Tristan, Tristan!" said Paul imploringly.

"Beware," cried the slave, snatching a knife from his breast. "Beware how you cross my path! You are unarmed, and, strong as you are, feeble against the strength of madness. Avoid me, if you value your own safety; you, Paul Crivelli, above all others, should shun me, for I hate you. Avoid me then, if you would not tempt me to destroy you."

He uttered a wild cry, and sprang toward Paul, with the knife uplifted in his powerful right hand, but the two young men were prepared for the blow, and while Armand Tremlay seized the hand holding the dagger, Paul twisted a silk handkerchief into a bandage, with which they bound the arms of the negro.

Secured thus, they conveyed him back to New Orleans.

The violent paroxysm of madness had passed, and the wretched man was as quiet as a child.

They took him to the Villa Moraquitos, where they placed him under the care of his mother, assisted by a powerful negro, belonging to the household.

"Restore him to reason, Zarah," said Paul, "and as soon as he has recovered, I will give you both your liberty."

"Good, generous massa, and we shall go back to Africa?"

"You shall."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FAREWELL TO LOUISIANA.

Gerald Leslie, William Bowen, and Philip Treverton accompanied Silas Craig to the attorney's office, where the wretched man refunded the hundred thousand dollars, and wrote a long and detailed confession of his guilt, which he signed in the presence of three witnesses.

This done, Gerald and his partner returned to the house of Augustus Horton, where they had left Mortimer Percy.

They found Augustus, Adelaide, and Mrs. Montresor seated in a brilliantly lighted apartment, communicating with the morning room that opened upon the garden.

Mortimer Percy was seated at a little distance from his cousin, and it was evident that no reconciliation had taken place between them.

Adelaide and Mrs. Montresor were both engaged in some elegant needlework, which afforded them an excellent excuse for silence.

Augustus stood near the open window smoking his cigar in a moody stillness.

It was thus the group was occupied when Gerald Leslie and Philip Treverton returned from the lawyer's house.

Gerald was the first to speak—

"You will be surprised, perhaps, to see me again, Mr. Horton?" he said to Augustus.

"I will freely own that I am so," answered the planter; "though the conduct of my cousin, Mr. Percy, has made me accustomed to surprises. The revelations of this morning have nothing to do with me, and I cannot imagine what can have brought Mr. Leslie and Mr. Treverton to this house."

Gerald Leslie smiled.

"Indeed, Mr. Horton! You forgot, then, that I have a daughter?"

"I do not," answered Augustus. "I have very good reason to remember that fact, Mr. Leslie. The purchase of the Octoroon slave, Cora, cost me fifty thousand dollars, and there appears considerable chance of my losing every cent."

"Not if you can capture your runaway slave," said Gerald Leslie.

"Not if I can recapture her. No, let her fall once into my hands, and it shall be my fault if she escapes again. As for the Englishman, Gilbert Margrave—"

"You will have no mercy on him?" asked Gerald.

"By Heaven I will not," he replied.

"Mr. Horton," said Gerald Leslie, gravely, "Philip Treverton and I had a very serious purpose in coming to you here this evening. We come to make an appeal to your generosity, and your sense of manly honor. Will you listen patiently to that appeal?"

"You are free to speak," replied Augustus, haughtily, and throwing away his cigar, he folded his arms, and placed himself against a pillar that bordered the window, as if prepared to listen, but as if determined not to be convinced.

[Continued Next Week.]

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In the *Social Economist* for October, Mr. Joel Benton in a sprightly article reviews the ills which would come upon society if the Nationalists, founded on Mr. Bellamy's "Looking Backward" could have their own way. He finds it impossible for their reorganization to take place on account of its practical difficulties, and decides that human progress in the main must come from individualism, as it has heretofore, and that it must be worked out on existing scientific lines. He concludes with a humorous leader from the *Daily Palladim* of the year 2000 A. D., in which he hits off the absurdities of prophesies in contrast with then existing realities.

The best souvenir of the New York Columbian Celebration is the number of *Harper's Weekly* dated October 22d. All the imporant features of the celebration are described by the most competent writes, and the illustrations, which are numerous, include a front-page picture of the banquet at Lenox Lyceum, a double page view of the millitary parade, and four-pages panorama of the naval review. The next number, dated October 29th, will contain an equally full and graphic description of the dedication ceremonies at Chicago. The number will be bound in a specially designed cover, and its illustrations, by the best artists and photographers, will include views of all the most interesting features of the occasion.

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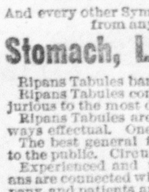
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists
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Use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Pain, Take in time. 50 cts.
HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. 15c. at Druggists, or HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

SULPHUR BITTERS
The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.
It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great bloodpurifier,
SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with Boils? Why have with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so?—Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other medicines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses
SULPHUR Bitters
The Dose is small—only a teaspoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied. Get it of your Druggist.
DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE
If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.
Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

RUPTURE! Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once. No operation or business delay. Thousands of cures. Dr. Mayer is at Hotel Penn, Reading, Pa., second Saturday of each month. Send for circulars. Advice free.

COMPLEXION PRESERVED
DR. HEBRA'S
VIOLA CREAM

Removes all Freckles, Pimples, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Sunburn and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, thereby producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. For sale at druggists or mailed for 50c. Send for circular.
G. C. BITNER & CO., TOLEDO, O.

HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise: that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $20 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you progress. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH.
Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
No. 4009, 4 ft. 6 in. " " $21.00
No. 4010, 5 ft. long, - - " $23.00
Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Cut out of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
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FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 4 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not effected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE.
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use the
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Standard Typewriter
because
it is constructed upon the best design, of the best materials, and by the best workmanship.
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A CONGRESSMAN'S DAY.

The Humdrum Diurnal Routine That Fills Out a Member's Time.

One day taken apart from all the rest in the existence of a congressman is not apt to be marked by great adventures or enlivened by an exciting incident, says a Washington letter to the Philadelphia *Telegraph*. Most days of the average member of the house are repetitions each of the other. A review of the twenty-four hours made by a member before closing his eyes for a night's rest puts him to sleep with the thought that the lot of a legislator is not always a happy one, and that statesmanship is the least of things that enters into his day's toil.

I asked one of the oldest members of the house to keep a record for me of one day of congressional life. This is it in brief: "Eight o'clock, breakfast; 8:30, opened mail and laid aside all newspapers with marked articles for future examination. Read upwards of ninety letters on all sorts of subjects, of which the following are twenty examples: One is from a veteran asking for information about his pension. He gives no postoffice address, and I am obliged to write a letter to the pension office to secure his address. Another correspondent wants a number of volumes of geological survey, which, upon investigation, I find are not to be had. A veteran writes that he communicated with the pension office Dec. 7, 1891, and got a communication from them nearly a month later which made no reference to his letter; wants me to go to the office to see if his communication was received. Another letter requires me to go to pension office to ascertain what there is defective in the application of the writer for a pension.

"A gentleman from the agricultural department requests me to accompany him to my home, where he is to deliver a lecture to some of my constituents. Another wants the Congressional Record sent to him. An applicant for pension wants to know where his papers are. One of my constituents writes for me to secure him a place in the government departments. Another wants the report of the bureau of animal industry. Another wants his pension matters looked up, but does not give the number of his case. Another wants a position in the government printing office. In another letter the gentleman gives an account of trouble he is having over the exaction of duties from him for goods brought to the customhouse. This requires investigation at the customs division, treasury department, and an examination of the law, which shows the duties were properly collected.

"The pension office notifies me of the allowance of a pension. The office also wants to know how an applicant for pension in my district spells his name. Another correspondent wants information as to the foreign insurance companies doing business at the national capital. A pension applicant wants to know all about the surgical report in his case. Another wants me to have a medical examination as to his condition made at his home, because he is unable to travel. Another letter is on the subject of river and harbor improvements. Another man wants me to ascertain what action has been taken in some land case he has before the government.

"These are examples of requests contained in nearly a hundred letters. Each one requires a reply, and most of them involve writing letters to the department or making personal visits. Many requiring long personal examinations of department records and an unwinding of lots of red tape. Most of the matters are such as must be looked into before going to the capital.

"After this I go to the committee work. There is a different committee for every day in the week, with subcommittee work besides, and on Saturday, besides several subcommittees to look after, I have various departments to visit. At 12 o'clock I entered the house, introduced bills, chased around after the speaker's eye, listened to debates, took part in general legislation, answering letters between times, answering roll-calls, and received visits from a large number of constituents and other persons who called me out by card. Five minutes is allowed for lunch meanwhile, and at 6 o'clock I dine. At 7 o'clock I again return to my mail and to newspapers and to pamphlets, and a world of other printed matter. This occupies me until 11 o'clock, when, for the first time during the day, I get a chance for general reading and for study, which occupies me for more than an hour or more, until drowsiness compels retirement."

This is the average humdrum day with a congressman, which is repeated every twenty-four hours, and involves an immense amount of labor without interest.

A Change of Opinion.

"It is interesting," remarked a woman recently, "to note how the standard of American music, or, more properly, of music in America, has risen in the eyes of foreigners. In 1875 I went to Leipsic to study music. The instructor in examining me remarked satirically, 'I suppose you play Gottschalk's "Last Hope"?' 'Yes,' I answered. 'And Thalberg's "Home, Sweet Home"?' he went on. 'Yes,' I said again. 'Bah!' he ejaculated, shrugging his shoulders, 'that is music in America.' I ventured to suggest that I also played Beethoven. 'Yes,' he said, scornfully, 'but how?' And I did not dare to show him. Afterwards I found out how Germans graded the nationalities in music. The list ran: Russians, Polish, German, Italian, French, English, American. Since then America has made great progress, and its musical taste is no longer questioned abroad."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Deft Smokers.

Japanese jugglers are deft smokers. Several of them will sit before a curtain, and from the tobacco smoke which issues from their mouths will form a succession of readable letters.

Zach Taylor's Wife Liked Her Pipe.

Zachary Taylor never felt at his ease in the White house. He was rather portly and had a big head covered with luxuriant white hair. Whenever he appeared in public and was greeted with applause, he would say: "Your humble servant, ladies; heaven bless you, geetlemen." He was fond of morning walks through the streets of Washington, wearing an old silk hat perched on the back of his head and a black broadcloth suit too large for him. His wife took little or no part in society, but remained quietly at home knitting and smoking her pipe.—*Augusta Chronicle.*

HARRISON AND PROSPERITY.

Manufacturers and Employes Appreciate the Tariff's Advantages.

An agent of the Republican national committee called upon a Philadelphia manufacturer recently for his contribution to the campaign. After a generous check had been made out cheerfully the manufacturer stated that he was making money, that he was paying good wages, had plenty of work and that there wasn't a dissatisfied hand in the establishment.

There were a number of Democrats, he said, who intended to vote for Harrison because of the good times that had come along with the McKinley bill. He called one of these Democrats up, who said he meant to cast his first Republican vote in November.

"And I shall not be alone," he continued, producing a roll on which were the names and residences of twenty-four other Democrats whom he had secured to vote for Harrison with him. "I want to get just one more," he said, "and then I think I shall have done my share as a Democrat towards the election of General Harrison."

In the great mill districts the McKinley bill is making votes for the reason that our textile industries were never so taxed with orders as they are today.

WHAT WATTERSON SAID.

Truths About Cleveland from the Keeper of the Star Eyed Goddess.

Henry Watterson, the keeper of the star eyed goddess of reform, had this to say of Mr. Cleveland before the Chicago convention: "Mr. Cleveland cannot carry New York. He was beaten by Harrison in 1888 when he had everything in his favor and Harrison was the subject of a good deal of ridicule. He is weaker today in New York, while Harrison is stronger. Harrison has made his party a good president. Out here in the west you have idolized Cleveland. He does not deserve it. He is an honest, straightforward man, a good deal of a thinker, and more of a dreamer. He has caught the popular fancy. I am not a believer in enthusiasm as a means of victory. It helps things along, but behind all must be organization. And that is what Cleveland can never have in New York."

Refusing to be Scared.

The American people are not a lot of ninnies. They are not to be buncoed by phraseology. The "force bill" bogy amounts to nothing in the matter of influencing votes.

But suppose it does. What then? Are we to desert our colors on that account? Does the Republican party represent nothing, stand for nothing but vote getting—office holding?

Politicians who have that idea are politicians who are making a mistake. They must be made to understand it, too.

All of a sudden we are mournfully informed that it will be exceedingly unwise if the party persists in its devotion to an honest election down south. Peace, sunshine, fraternity and all that sort of beauteous wordiness must be strutted out where hitherto Republicanism has been content to declare the sturdy truth. The prescription is nauseous.—New Haven Palladium.

Republicans of Pennsylvania cannot afford to take chances on the loss of the legislature. Remember Dave Hill's gerrymander of New York and Don Dickinson's Michiganizing scheme to capture presidential electors in a Republican state. Vote the full Republican ticket.

INDIANIANS CONFIDENT.

Editor New Says the Democrats Are Unpopular Just Now.

Harry C. New, editor of the Indianapolis Journal, was in New York city a few days ago. He said:

"The Republicans have a great advantage in Indiana, owing to the action of the Democratic legislature, which has saddled upon the people of the state an enormously increased tax rate. The state debt has been increased by the Democrats from $4,000,000 to $9,000,000, and the Democratic legislature passed a law which has increased the tax rate enormously. This tax rate is due the first week in November, and the party which is responsible for it is likely to be the sufferer."

What Is Behind Him?

If there is anywhere in this land an indifferent citizen who is inclined to vote for Grover Cleveland because of a vague idea that in some way his name stands for reform, let such citizen sit down and read the record of the late Democratic house of representatives. Let him consider the influences which are behind Mr. Cleveland. Let him study the history of the Democratic party from 1856 down to the present time with care and intelligence. Let him try to imagine, if he can, what would happen in this country should the Democratic party, controlled as it is by the solid free trade south, come into possession of the presidency and congress. That's all that we ask. Simply study this matter calmly and impartially.

Beating Tom-Toms and Chasing Rainbows.

Civil service reform, as a Democrat issue, has been abandoned, free trade has been concealed for the present, "Spoils of Office" as a campaign cry is not popular, and "No Negro Domination" is too ludicrously absurd to attract serious attention anywhere. Every issue except rainbow chasing seems to have been abandoned by the poor old Democracy, and the only thing left for it to do in this campaign is to keep up a tremendous shouting and a vigorous beating of tom-toms in the hope of diverting attention ftom the real issue, frightening timid voters and inducing the rabble of politics to join the grand procession of Democratic calithumpians.—St. Louis Star Sayings.

Lamp-chimneys cost so little that we let them go on breaking. We go on buying and grumbling.

What should we do?

Get Macbeth's "Pearl-top" and "Pearl-glass;" they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are fine, well made, exact; they fit the lamps they are made for; stand upright; the shade is right; they make a right draught for light; they are uniform. Both bear a label for your protection. Look for it.

Be willing to pay a nickel more and stop this constant expense and annoyance.

Pittsburgh, Pa. GEO. A. MACBETH CO.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH
PRICE 50 CTS.
IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.
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SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

Nothing On Earth Will
MAKE HENS LAY
LIKE
Sheridan's Condition Powder!
KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS
Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.
Good for Moulting Hens.
It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Houp," says one customer.
If you can't get it send to us.
We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.
L. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

RUPTURE
DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year at special rates, at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet

MYSTIC CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES
IN
A
DAY
A New and Wonderful Discovery
which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand.
Guarantee. If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money.
Write for treatise and testimonials.
PRICE, 75 CENTS.
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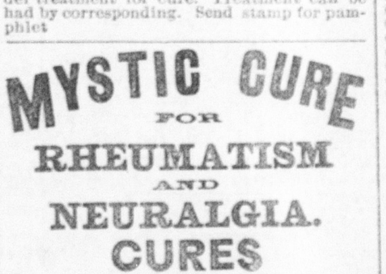
ELECTRIC BELT

LATEST PATENTS-BEST IMPROVEMENTS. WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.
Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.
Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS.
Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	Westward A.M	Westward A.M	Westward P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	28.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 40	5 39
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 47
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1129	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 [illegible]	6 13
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	[illegible]	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	Eastward A.M	Eastward P. M.	Eastward P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 54
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 13
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 49
Beech Creek	45.0	16 20	5 13	9 49
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	9 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 15
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 39	10 19

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward Dis.	P.M	A.M	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
	5 05	1 31	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	5 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.3	8 48	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loreville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 19	3 [illegible]
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.1[illegible] a m.
Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.
Leaves Bellefonte at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.
S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward A.m.	P.m.		Eastward A.m.	P.m.	C.P.
0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	8.30	3.20	5.45
1.5	6.18	2.23	Ar..LEWISBURG..Lv	8.20	9.10	5.38
1.5	6.18	2.28	Lv..LEWISBURG..Ar		9.10	5.38
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f		9.00	5.28
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f		8.53	5.23
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG		8.45	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f		8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f		8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont		8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON		8.17	4.46
23.8	7.19	3.25	Pardee f		8.06	4.35
28.9	7.28	3.35	Cherry Run f		7.58	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f		7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn		7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f		7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs		7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Peach Orchard		7.05	3.36
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL		6.58	3.26
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f		6.51	3.18
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall		6.45	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL		6.38	3.11
58.3	8.45	4.52	LEMONT		6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f		6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f		6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f		6.16	
67.4	9.10	5.18	BELLEFONTE		6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ..... General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON ..... General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL ..... Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD						WESTWARD				
12	10	8	1	2		1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar—Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 35		5 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		5 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		5 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		5 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		5 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		5 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		5 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		5 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		5 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	5 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	5 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 16	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		5 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		5 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		5 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.
THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

	WESTWARD.
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily	11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg "	3 30 a m
" " Williamsport "	7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore "	7 30 a m
" " Lock Haven "	7 55 a m
" " Renovo "	8 55 a m
" arrives Erie "	3 40 p m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys	8 50 a m
" " Harrsburg "	12 00 m
" arrives at Wmsport "	3 20 p m
" " Lock Haven "	4 10 p m
" " Renovo "	5 15 p m
" " Kane "	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at	5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days	11 40 a m
" " Harrisburg "	3 45 p m
" " Williamsport "	7 10 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven "	8 02 p m
" " Renovo "	9 00 p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia	4 3[illegible] a m
" " Harrisburg	8 10 a m
" " Williamsport	11 20 a m
" " arrives at Lock Haven	12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex. l'ves Phila	4 25 p m
" " Harrisburg	7 32 p m
" " arrive Williamsport	10 20 p m
	EASTWARD.
Sea Shore Express l'ves L Haven w	7 20 a m
" " " Jersey Shore	7 48 a m
" " " Wms'port	8 25 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg	11 25 a m
" " " Phila	3 15 a m
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days	6 30 a m
" " Renovo	10 20 a m
" " Lock Haven	11 20 a m
" Williamsport	12 30 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg	3 30 p m
" " Philadelphia	6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily	5 27 p m
" " " Renovo	10 35 p m
" " " Lock Haven	11 25 p m
" " " Williamsport	12 25 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg	3 22 p m
" " " Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO A'N leaves Renov

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum.

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley, " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro.	B F Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg	1 W S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"	2 Geo Lamb	Philipsburg
"	3 W Capt Harry Shuler	"
South Philipsburg boro	M. Stover,	Philipsb'g
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp	E P J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp	W P C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp	N P Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Moshannon
College Twp	E P Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp	W P Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp	E P Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson "	J A Sunday	"
Gregg "	N P Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Geegg "	S P John D Long	Spring Mills
Gregg "	E P, Jos. K. Bitner.	Penn Hall
Haines "	E P Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines "	W P James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	E P Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Ruben Golmen	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buffalo Run
Penn "	Same Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp	N P Andrew Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter "	S P Alexander McCoy	Potters Mills
Rush "	N P David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush "	S P Alexander Miller.	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe	E P Alfred Lucas	SnowShoe
SnowShoe	W P John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp	N P John G Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring "	S P M F Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring "	W P W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Fort Matilda

WHERE THEY SWAP WIVES.

Queer Exchanges in a Benighted Part of North Carolina.

In the region between the Smoky and the Nantehala mountains of North Carolina there are entire communities of the most peculiar people found anywhere in this great country, says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*. Some time since, while riding across the state, the writer stopped at a log cabin of a settler on a little creek at the foot of Big Smoky mountain. The head of the family was a fair-haired, heavily bearded man of 60 years, dressed in tow linen trousers and a shirt of the same home manufactured material. The woman of the house was a tall, raw-boned, dark-visaged female of 40 or more years. There were nine children of varied age and complexion, all clad in coarse shirts and trousers like the father, with the exception of the smaller children, who were clad in nature's garb, with the single exception of a long shirt-like garment of tow linen. The family was a typical backwoods community.

Jenkins, the name of my host, when asked "Is there anything new in this section?" replied:

"Nothin' ever hap'ns hyar, stranger, 'cep' it's Mormins or a swappin' match."

"A swappin' match? That's where they meet to trade horses, is it not?"

"He'im dunno what a swappin' match is, Sal," said Jenkins, turning in astonishment to his wife.

"Humph!" ejaculated the woman. "He'im dunno much. W'y, stranger, a swappin' match is where we'uns swap hosses, mules, wives, an' sich."

"Do you mean to say that you trade wives?"

"Jes' so!" said the man, "an' thar's gwine ter be a big swap over yon at Bill Dags' tomory."

Early the next morning after a simple meal of "corn pone," milk and baked possum, I mounted my horse and with Jenkins and his spouse set forth. Two hours later we came to a halt in front of Dags' cabin. The place, like every habitation I had yet seen in that part of the wilderness, was a log structure of the typical backwoods North Carolina mountain style.

About a dozen mules and horses, twenty or thirty dogs of the species called hounds, a dozen or two of sheep, two or three cows, and a couple of pet coons, and eight men, six women, and half a dozen children, all clad in towlinen, homespun garments, reclined in the shade of the trees. One of the women was fairly good looking, but the others, like the men, were coarse, raw-boned and homely. We arrived just in time to hear the preliminaries of the business for which the appointment had been made. Dags, at whose place we were, after inviting the crowd to help themselves from a small keg of what I learned to be moonshine whisky or "pinetop," as it is called in the mountains, broached the subject. Dags had a couple of horses and half a dozen hounds to trade, and he found a customer in the person of a short, heavy-set mountaineer, who, after a good deal of preparatory lying on the value of his animals, finally made a "dicker" for a cow, a lot of sheep, and a pet bear.

The next trade or proposition came from Sam Sleeth, a lank-visaged fellow of 30. Sleeth had with him a tall, black-haired, ungainly but muscular woman, which he offered in exchange for any of the others, "pervided they 'uns kud agree." Jake Simpson offered to take a pair of hounds and a cow as boot between Sleeth's wife and Mrs. Simpson.

Mrs. Simpson was a somewhat better-looking female than the Sleeth woman, but Sleeth refused to be convinced that the difference was so broad as Simpson's proposition would indicate. After half an hour spent in trying to outlie each other a trade was finally perfected by Sleeth offering a rifle and a big yellow hound as boot.

A young man named Long wanted to "swap" an angular, red-haired, fiery-tempered woman of 30 for a good-looking, plump, and good-natured young woman in the possession of another mountaineer named Jackson. To all appearances the women were utterly indifferent; if they were not they showed no opposition by word or action. Jackson replied to Long's proposition by saying: "Thet gal can dig more seng, chop more wood, an' kin beat anythin' shootin' on the crik. I'll call it a swap if you'un 'll throw in yer old ridin' mar'."

"It's mor'n I'll giv', Jacksin. My woman's a good cook and kin hoe as much coh'n as any woman in this naborhood. I'll trade even."

There were a dozen or so of propositions pro and con, which finally ended in Jackson getting a red cow and three sheep as boot.

The next trade of special interest was another wife or "woman swap." A middle-aged, red-whiskered fellow, with a fairly good-looking young woman, traded with a younger man for a woman who was old enough to have been his mother. The young man took charge of the one he had bartered for and seemed pleased with his bargain, and his new purchase was the only one of the lot who showed any feeling in the matter. She was evidently pleased with the exchange.

There were altogether six trades or bargains made that day for wives, one of which was between an old fellow of 65, perhaps, and a young man of 26 or 28. It seems that this trade, which was an even "swap," was merely an exchange made of women at a former time between the parties.

After the business for which the crowd had met had been concluded the men sat around in the shade, drank moonshine whisky, and had a sociable chat for half an hour more, when the crowd broke up. Each man took his newly acquired wife up behind him on his horse or on the back of an extra "boot" horse, and, driving or leading the dogs, sheep and cows, or whatever they had traded for, left for their homes.

As I was going in a direction opposite to that in which I had come I rode along beside the young man Long, the young fellow who had secured the best-looking woman of the lot. Long's new spouse was about 23 years old, with a face of more intelligence than any of the others. She seemed to be not only satisfied but pleased over the result of the trade, and with all my power of penetration I failed to find any repugnance or horror over the affair. In fact, the man and woman both appeared to regard it in the light of a legitimate transaction, and the only way I could account for it was on the ground of utter ignorance of statutory or moral law. The custom had prevailed in the mountains so long that it was regarded as is the everyday and everywhere habit of trading in ordinary articles of barter.

When we arrived at Long's cabin I was invited to "light an' tek potluck" with the couple and to remain over night. The home life of the new feminine head of the Long homestead, so far as I could observe, began without a ripple or objection on the part of Long's three children, whose ages ranged from 8 to 3.

A Familiar Demon.

Black and swarthy, with propensity to sudden heats and chills, now glaring in your face with fiery eyes, now sullenly smouldering and responding to no appeal, caressing pat and savage poke alike eliciting no answer, there abides a familiar demon beside every hearth-stone. The name of this demon is neither poetic nor euphonious. It has a sound of the practical, and defines its possessor's position at once. It is of the kitchen range we are thinking; of the useful, serviceable, indispensable piece of furniture which boils the kettle, bakes the bread, broils the steak, cooks the roast, browns the omelet, and heats the irons. A drudge, yet a demon, sometimes perverse, sometimes friendly, always at hand, and always inevitable. Oil-stoves, gas-stoves, and other appendages are makeshifts of the moment; the kitchen range is for all time.

It strikes us as sensible, and in the main essential, therefore, that somebody in the house besides the cook should understand the moods and tenses of this every-day demon, should know how to make the range burn well, how to maintain a steady fire at a low point of temperature for those hours of the day when a strong fire is not demanded, and how to cool off the fire when its flame is too fierce.

The person who can do this is mistress of a most invaluable agency, and is happily independent of the demon's caprices.

One constantly hears the complaint from char-women and cooks, "I can't get any heat out of the range. I've piled and piled in coal, but it does no good."

The intelligent manager of a kitchen range does *not* pile in coal to repletion, till the fiery stuff bobs up against the red-hot lids.

She is aware of dampers which regulate currents of air; she keeps the grate clear and free from ashes; she suffers no accumulation of soot and cinders in passages intended for draughts. Every pipe and every plate is swept and shining. Coal is used with discretion. Her range is treated as if it possessed an intelligence responsive to her own.

CENTRE COUNTY ELECTION RETURNS FOR NOVEMBER 8, 1892.

	President			V. President			Cong.-at-Large						J.S.C.			Congress			Representatives						Asso. Judge			Prothon'ty		Dis. Aty		Co. Surv	
	Harrison, R.	Cleveland, D.	Bidwell, P.	Reid, R.	Stevenson, D.	Cranfl, P.	Lilly, R.	McDowell, R.	Allen, D.	Merritt, D.	Chase, P.	McCrory, P.	Dean, R.	Haydrick, D.	Briggs, P.	Anderson, R.	Kribbs, D.	Biglow, P.	Hamilton, R.	Dale, R.	McCormick, D.	Schofield, D.	Dale, P.	Hess, P.	Gray, R.	Faulkner, D.	Thompson, P.	Miller, R.	Smith, D.	Scott, P.	Zeigler, R.	Singer, D.	Cleaver, R.	Herring, D.
Bellefonte, North Ward	216	132	16	216	132	16	218	218	132	132	18	17	217	132	18	214	133	17	226	220	126	134	14	12	232	112	19	202	97	9	196	162	228	130
" South "	112	194		112	194		112	112	195	195			111	195		118	191	12	127	120	188	185	7	6	118	192	8	132	177	7	107	204	117	188
" West "	79	54	7	79	54	7	79	79	54	54	7	7	78	54	8	81	49	7	71	75	81	64	7	6	77	52	7	88	45	4	71	71	77	54
Centre Hall borough	27	84					27	27	83	83			27	83		27	73	4	28	28	83	77	6	4	28	79	8	28	71	5	26	83	27	82
Howard "	94	50					94	94	50	50			94	50		95	50	5	100	96	49	47	4	4	92	53	5	98	47	5	93	51	96	49
Milesburg "	84	36					84	84	37	36			83	37		83	37	7	86	84	38	35	5	6	83	38	8	81	38	8	76	39	87	37
Millheim "	42	114					42	42	115	115			42	116		41	116	1	42	42	116	114	1		46	109	2	46	117		41	115	42	114
Philipsburg, 1st Ward	95	60					96	96	59	59			95	60		92	50	35	100	97	55	55	18	18	63	99	15	86	54	31	107	48	97	54
" 2nd "	125	120					124	125	121	120			125	121		113	113	45	126	121	122	112	21	67	180	180	19	124	115	36	131	111	124	118
" 3rd "	112	77					111	112	78	77			114	76		105	68	38	112	107	76	71	21	29	66	125	19	100	94	46	117	62	109	71
South Philipsburg borough	30	27					30	30	27	27			30	27		29	27	8	30	30	28	28	7	7	25	73	7	31	26	6	33	23	30	28
Unionville "	58	24					58	58	24	24			58	24		58	24	7	57	57	24	22	10	9	57	23	10	59	25	5	59	28	61	25
Benner township	76	155	7	76	155	7	74	75	155	155	5	5	74	155	5	75	155	9	77	76	159	151	8	5	77	152	9	80	154	6	79	150	78	158
Boggs township, Eastern precinct	51	53					51	51	53	53			51	53		51	54		49	48	54	56			59	63		49	54		48	55	47	55
" " Western "	124	98					124	124	99	99			124	99		131	104	11	135	126	106	103	8	9	133	99	12	136	100	8	133	102	134	102
" " Northern "	38	37					38	38	37	37			38	36		38	36	11	36	32	37	40	10	10	36	36	11	37	36	10	32	44	36	37
Burnside township	48	31					48	48	31	31			49	31		50	31		50	50	31	31			47	34		49	31		48	32	49	31
College township, Eastern precinct	120	84					120	120	84	84			121	84	23	122	86	24	116	108	103	70	23	13	112	79	39	121	92	16	127	93	128	89
" " Western "	80	59					80	80	59	59			80	59		78	59	12	89	90	102	54	9	9	85	54	12	85	55	10	80	62	83	57
Curtin township	33	49					30	30	43	42			30	42		32	49	1	33	32	50	47	1		32	49	1	31	48	1	22	59	32	47
Ferguson township, Eastern precinct	73	158					73	73	157	154			74	157		71	158		57	62	173	155	4	1	70	156	5	72	156	1	69	159	70	157
" " Western "	75	54					76	76	56	54			69	57		77	55	3	71	80	55	58	3	3	81	53	1	78	45	2	77	55	78	55
Gregg township, Northern precinct	10	77					10	10	77	77			10	77		9	7		10	10	77	77			10	77		10	74		10	77	10	77
" " Southern "	18	131					18	17	131	131			17	131		19	132	6	21	20	133	127	7	4	25	122	9	19	129	4	18	134	19	133
" " Eastern "	74	111					73	73	112	112			73	112		74	111	1	80	64	128	104			76	109	4	75	111	1	74	112	77	133
Haines township, Eastern precinct	36	119					36	36	119	119			3	119		37	119		39	38	118	116			38	119		39	119		36	118	39	118
" " Western "	77	124					77	77	124	124			77	124		79	123	6	80	79	124	123	6	5	80	122	8	76	128	5	76	128	76	128
Half Moon township	89	45					89	89	45	45			89	45		87	47	10	84	79	57	52	8	8	94	43	8	90	46	7	92	46	90	48
Harris township	70	144					71	71	143	144			71	143		71	145	3	69	72	146	142	3	3	74	136	6	70	142	3	68	146	70	144
Howard "	97	89					97	97	89	89			97	89		98	90		100	99	90	87	1	1	99	39		98	90		96	91	98	90
Huston "	68	58					67	67	57	57			68	57		69	59	21	64	64	59	59	21	19	65	62	18	71	57	10	69	67	71	56
Liberty "	139	101					139	138	102	100			138	98		139	100	2	138	137	101	101	2	2	139	100	3	136	102	2	134	109	139	107
Marion "	45	87					46	45	87	87			46	87		45	89	2	52	45	89	81	2	2	45	84	7	46	87	2	44	90	45	88
Miles "	23	66					23	23	66	65			23	66		22	66	1	29	23	64	64			23	64		22	67		22	66	22	66
" Eastern precinct	33	141					33	33	141	141			33	141		32	143	1	35	32	144	140	2		43	130		28	149		30	146	31	145
" Middle "	16	76					16	16	76	76			16	76		17	72	1	17	18	74	75	1		19	73	1	16	76		18	74	18	74
" Western "	91	68					91	91	68	68			92	68		89	70	2	69	70	94	71	3	2	105	56	3	89	69	3	92	94	92	94
Patton "	35	183					35	35	188	183			35	183		33	187	1	32	31	186	186	1		32	184	1	27	190	1	30	186	30	184
Penn "	35	120					35	35	121	120			35	120		35	122	1	38	35	121	112	4		34	119	5	35	121	1	33	122	34	122
Potter " Northern precinct	59	184					56	55	186	185			57	184	5	59	52	184	179	4	3	58	180	8	56	185	4	59	184	58	184	58	184
" Southern "	81	97					80	80	96	96			80	94		75	96	12	75	74	98	99	12	12	81	136	12	76	97	12	76	97	76	96
Rush " Northern "	60	69					60	60	69	69			61	68		54	69	4	51	52	74	74	5	5	54	71	5	55	69	5	57	68	57	69
" Southern "	88	90					87	87	90	90			86	90		91	94	5	90	93	94	90	5	5	66	100	5	91	94	5	92	94	92	94
Snow Shoe " Eastern "	28	46					28	28	46	46			28	46		28	45		27	26	46	47			29	43	2	28	45		28	45	28	45
" Western "	83	73	6	83	73	6	85	83	75	70	6	6	83	69	6	85	67	7	89	85	68	67	7	4	86	67	9	89	68	7	79	75	83	71
Spring " Northern "	108	134					108	108	134	133			108	134		111	137	4	112	98	138	138	5	4	106	141	4	109	137	4	108	139	109	135
" Southern "	65	63					66	66	63	63			67	62		71	65		69	67	66	99	7	3	71	62	7	74	63	4	71	64	71	64
" Western "	53	37					53	53	33	33			53	37		54	33		50	49	38	35			54	35		52	36		51	33	52	33
Taylor "	82	59					82	82	59	59			82	59		87	58	15	94	91	58	51	15	14	87	59	14	89	59	15	95	60	98	59
Union "	93	192					95	95	192	192			94	192		93	189	3	92	89	189	186	3	3	94	188	3	93	188	3	88	195	84	189
Walker "	91	55					91	89	55	54			89	55		90	57	5	91	88	66	56	4	4	79	68	4	91	56	4	88	58	91	56
Worth "																																	
Totals	3367	4592					3837						3609	4570	327	3689	3521	4745	4514	316	399	3587	4703	390	3732	4821	328	3615	4586				
Majorities		925												962				1096	993				1116				789			971				

NOTE—The above returns are as near Official as it was possible to get when the REPUBLICAN went to press. The vote for Vice President same as President.

As indeed it does. The kitchen range, of all insentient things, is, at will, a demon or a friend.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE DESERT MAY YET BLOOM.

Plants Now Blooming Where the Salton Lake Was a Year Ago.

When the water began to recede in the Salton lake and in the streams which fed it from the Colorado, superficial observers declared that the overflow of 1892 was going to be a repetition of the overflow of 1852, and that in a few years no traces of it would remain. But it seems to the San Francisco *Examiner* that they forgot that the application of water to sand provokes vegetation. All through the district which was overflowed a year ago and is now in large part dry, plants have sprung up where plant life never existed within the historical period, and the desert is gridironed with strings of bushes and grass. From these plants moisture will evaporate and return to the earth in the shape of rain, extending the arable area.

Nature's impulse is to turn the face of the earth to account. When it fails to do so it is hindered by insuperable obstacles. In a desert where there is neither soil nor moisture it is difficult for anything to grow, but apply a little water to the sand and seeds carried by the wind will germinate, plants will flourish, and dying leave behind them decayed vegetable matter which will feed their progeny. Water is the best of all fertilizers, though it has never been patented. Down in Merced the ingenious nurserymen located on sand plains on which it was difficult to find a speck of loam or humus or alluvium; they irrigated the sand liberally, and now there is hardly a plant in the herbarium which they do not grow successfully.

Another thing. Whatever has been, since the world took its present shape, may be again. Time was when the Colorado desert contain a chain of lakes surrounded by forests. We can see the beach line of the lakes and the trunks of the blasted trees. By what convulsion of nature in that volcanic country these lakes were cut off from their sources and evaporated science has not formulated a conjecture, but it is rash to conclude that the old sources will never be reopened and the lakes restored. Had the people of southern California displayed energy last year the river mouth at Algodones would have been kept open, and a steady flow of water secured throughout the spring and summer seasons. Some day that may be done.

Thoughts on Engaged Couples.

Is there anything more absolutely maddening, asked the Philadelphia *Times*, to the prosaic married couple of long years standing or the gay people with no thought of love in their happy-go-lucky noddles than the absolute absorption in their two selves of a blissful engaged pair? They are utterly worthless so far as any entertainment in which more than two, and those two the interested parties, are concerned. They ignore the rest of the world with a frank contempt that is so undisguised that one cannot take offense, yet at the same time one wonders at the change of sentiment that has so altered their demeanor of a few short weeks before.

They are prone to sitting in the dark; long silences are to them more than hours of brillant conversation, and the looks they know how to bestow are paramount to the most adoring avowals. If they are visiting they have no use for the host or hostess, and all they desire is a vacant room and warning cough which will give them amble time to resume the correct attitude before a stranger enters.

They can sit up until midnight and perhaps not say twenty words in all that time but when the clock strikes the hour for departure they are astonished to find it so late, so sweetly and swiftly have the hours flown away.

No entertainment has the charm of those hours when they sit hand in hand absorbed in sweet thoughts of that future which they will spend together. Once engaged they have no use for the outside world, and will think the awakening rude and cruel when after marriage, they find that the prosaic affairs of life must be admitted into their sweet and sentimental love dream.

Educated Marines.

The English Royal Marines are unsurpassed by any troops in the world. They enlist with a character, and they learn a trade. They serve for twenty years, or for twenty-one with a pension, instead of being turned adrift at twenty-four. And when they are discharged there is competition for them among employers.

WHO INVENTED KISSING.

Some Say It Means "Taste;" Others Say "the Union of Souls."

The word "kiss" is Anglo-Saxon, and may, indeed, be taken as an instance of how pleasant Anglo-Saxon can be. The philologist assures us that it is allied to the Gothic "kustus," a proof of test, and to the Latin "gustus," a taste; which suggests the old saying, that "the proof of the pudding is in the preein' o't."

That same Gothic kustus comes from the verb kiusan, to choose, from which one would imagine that among the Goths kissing went by favor.

According to Prof. Skeat, writing with all the austerity and scholarship of an expert, a kiss is "a gust, a taste, a something choice." Rowena, the beautiful daughter of the Saxon Hengist, is credited with having introduced kissing into these fortunate islands; but it seems as if that, had the natives been so utterly unenlightened, the Romans could scarcely have failed to anticipate her.

The Romans had really a delightful word for a kiss—osculum, which came from os, the mouth, and meant a little mouth, a sweet mouth. "Give me a sweet little mouth," would be the phrase used when a good little Roman boy asked his mother for a kiss.

Our English word occurs pretty nearly in its present form in Anglo-Saxon, Dutch, Icelandic, Danish, Swedish, and German. And this is worthy of note, because natural as kissing may seem to be, it is a practice unknown to the Australians, to the Maoris of New Zealand, the Papuans of New Guinea, the people of Tabbati, the negroes of Central and Southern Africa, the Botocudos of Brazil, the savages of Terra del Fuego, the Laplanders and the Eskimo. Most of these benighted mortals have not got beyond the low stage of rubbing noses together.

Kissing points to an ancient discredited belief in a veritable union of spirits—a belief common to all the Aryan peoples that the breath of a man was his soul, his spirit. "Spirit" is "breath," and "ghost" is a "gust"—which possibly accounts for the cold air that is said to accompany apparitions.

If, then, the breath was a divine thing—the soul and spirit of man—is it not easy to understand how naturally kissing came to be a veritable communion, a commingling of soul with soul? —*Boston Globe.*

There are 980 common lodging-houses in London.

There are 1,000,000 and more species of insects in the world.

Fancies in Perfumes.

No two women have the same fancy in perfumes. Some select one particular kind, with which they scent all their personal belongings, stationery and boudoir, while others have a different perfume for different dresses. In order to carry out this idea each dress has its own special set of sachets, which are put in when the gowns arrive from the dressmaker's and which are renewed from time to time. A third class of women prefer to change the perfume as the seasons change. Violet, which has been the favorite all winter, will soon give way to white lilac, then roses, and afterward new-mown hay and on back to violets again.—*Baltimore American.*

How Can We Do It.

THAT IS WHAT IS AGITATING THE PUBLIC MIND.

WE ALL KNOW THAT SOMETHING MUST SOON BE DONE ABOUT IT.

HOW TO MEET A GREAT CRISIS AMONG OUR PEOPLE.

Something must be done about it.

There is no doubt about that.

And that something must be done quickly, or it may be too late.

On behalf of our readers we have made some very important investigations in this vicinity, and we have to report that our apprehensions were correct and are substantiated by the facts. We found that there is a greater proportion of our townspeople who are the victims of some form of nervous or chronic disorders, than ever before in our history. It is a fact beyond doubt, that these diseases are increasing in our midst at an alarming rate.

Feeling that something must be done at once in the matter, we have been in consultation and communication with several of New York City's most eminent physicians—all specialists in the treatment of nervous and chronic diseases, and we give our readers their opinions and advice as to how to effect a cure in these cases.

Dr. S. M. Reynolds, one of New York City's greatest specialists, says unhesitatingly and emphatically:

"Use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy in all such cases. I have never, in a practice of over twenty-five years, recommended a patent medicine. This great remedy, however, cannot be considered under that head, as it is a physician's prescription. I have used it among my patients and in my family, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it the most valuable remedy for the nerves I have ever used."

Dr. Henry Peffer, also one of New York City's great physicians, says:

"Tell your sick people to use Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I have used it in my practice with wonderful results. I have found it a perfect and complete cure for patients in my practice who were suffering from all forms of nervous troubles, sleeplessness, headaches, nervous weakness and debility."

The great New York physician, Emil Neumer, M. D., physician-in-chief of the New York Lodge and Association Hospital writes us:

"We are using Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy at the Hospital for our patients with good success."

Other physicians gave us the same advice for our people, and from the unanimity of opinion of the doctors, we are assured that this great and widely-known remedy is just what our sick and suffering citizens require to restore them to health. All the doctors say that it does cure, and all sufferers from nervousness, weakness, poor blood, debility, stomach, kidney or liver troubles should give it an immediate trial. We know that it is a purely vegetable and harmless remedy, and our druggists have it for sale at $1. Another thing of great consequence is this, that it is the discovery of Dr. Greene, of 35 W. 14th Street New York, who is a renowned specialist in curing nervous and chronic affections, and he can be consulted free of charge concerning any case, personally or by letter.

Go to the Eureka Grocery, High street next door to Post office, Bellefonte, for your groceries.

The great fire in Milwaukee will be fully illustrated in the number of HARPER'S WEEKLY dated November 12th.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for November contains the second of its group of preliminary articles on "The World's Fair," this one being an account of "Chicago's Part in the World's Fair," by Franklin McVeagh, one of the prominent citizens of Chicago, who writes about the enterprise without any bias, frankly stating that he "has no connection with the World's Fair management." His account of what Chicago has accomplished is a wonderful record of enterprise and successful achievement. He shows how that city has shouldered responsibilities which belonged to the United States Government Commission; how she has supplied eleven million dollars instead of the five that it was expected she would furnish; how she has arranged a site for the fair which in extent, situation, plan, and adornment exceeds anything ever before attempted, and that she has provided buildings remarkable in size, variety, and artistic value. Mr. MacVeagh then points out how Chicago will adequately meet the question of transporting people to and from the fair grounds; how it will comfortably lodge any number of visitors who may seek the city, and how ample provision is being made for an abundant and perfectly pure supply of water.

TO DRIVE AWAY THE BLUES.

Did you ever have the blues, when you did not know what to do with yourself? Reading is what most people fall back on at such times, and nothing is better to drive away the blues than a good crisp story or a few good jokes. Our special offer of 25 back numbers of the Waverly Magazine, of different dates, for $1,00 postpaid, will sup

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MISS E. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Mrs Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms, No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

* * * * "More things are wrought by prayer than this would dreams of. Wherefore let they voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they life not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth's every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The exchange is open every Saturday at 3 P. M. in the room formerly occupied by Mr. McMacmus as a law office. A good variety of break, pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

The need of the world is enlisted men.—wholesome, well nourshed, well-trained, well-armed, accoutred, stalwart, confident soldiers of Jesus Christ.

I believe Christian men, as such, can give, and ought to give, this country Gospel government. Under such government revenue laws would protect capital and labor, producer and consumer, equitably, and we should have Gospel tariff. I am sure there might be Gospel suffrage, and under that would be no civil difference of sex, and every suffragant would have a vote, and have it counted.

Mrs. Lathrop said playfully at her last convention. "Oh, my brothers, you are the powers that be; but are you the powers that ought to be? your voting these days does not look like it."

Our educational work is microscopic. The Sunday-school teacher explains to the children that alcohol is poison. The public school exhibits vivid charts of a drunkard's interior to show that alcohol is poison. Meantime the children see that the liquor traffic is lawful, profitable, and politically respectable. And this is called "educating the people."

At a temperance meeting an honest German was asked to speak, and after some hesitation did so in the following exhaustive manner; "I shall tell you how it was. I put mine hand on mine head; there was one big pain. Then I put mine hand in my pocket, and there was nothing. Now there ish no more pain in mine head. I put mine hands in my pockets, and there ish twenty pounds. So I shall stay mit the temperance."

Mrs. Kaji Yajima, president of Japan W. C. T. U., is a resident of La Lyr.

The next annual meeting of the Dominion W. C. T. U. will be held in Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The address of the president of New Zealand W. C. T. U. is Mrs. A. J. Schnackenberg, Auckland.

Mrs. Alice Gordon Gulick, our vice-president for Spain, has returned to her work in the American College for Women at San Sebastion, with her daughters, Bessie and Grace.

By a vote of the general officers of the World's W. C. T. U, Lady Henry Somer set has been made superintendent of the European work throughout. She will go to Berlin within a few months to form a W. C. T. Union.

Mrs. Ella Williams, of Montreal, has been made president of the Dominion W. C. T. U., and thus becomes one of the vice-presidents of the World's W. C. T. U. besides being its treasurer. This is a deserved tribute to the quick brain and remarkable executive ability, accuracy and enterprise of this rising woman from Massachusetts.

Mrs. Zoe A. M. Locke, former president of the Bulgarian W. C. T. U., but who is now in this country, sends the following list of newly elected officers for Bulgaria: President, Mrs. Elenka Nicoloff, Philippopolis; secretary, Miss Bena Moloff Philippopolis; treasurer, Mrs. Bogdana Kasaroff, of Sophia. Mrs. Locke will spend the coming year in the United States.

Our Canadian sister selected Mrs. Dr. Todd, of St. Stephen, New Bruuswick, as vice-president, and Mrs. Maj. Tilton, of Ottawa, accepted the position of treasurer. Mrs. Youmans, the veteran pioneer of Canada, is retained as a matter of course, as honorary vice president, and Miss Tilley, daughter of Sir Leonard Tilley, as corresponding secretary, with Mrs. A. H. Rutherford as recording secretary, headquarters at Toronto.

Drunkenness is sin; not the only one, nor the worst. I would as lief stagger to the gate of heaven drunk and in rags, as a sober, cleanly, dainty, natty hypocrite; I would as willingly roll into judgement limp with alcohol, as a calm, clean accomplice of the saloon: I would go as readily maudlin and gibbering, to sentence, as with the shame-gold of license in my hand or in my pocket the price of a tenement let to shame. All these are sins; and sinners need, at the last diagnosis, not salve, but salvation. Current legislation shows the same determination, to the small view, and so we have the saloon slightly restricted for free drinkers and larger patronage; no drunkard need thirst if he has money, and no boy escape temptation. Penal statutes for the protection of life commence at shad, lobsters, soft crabs, sitting quail, and the like, and have risen gradually as high in the scale as cattle.

The same Congress that refuses even to consider the ravages of the liquor traffic appropriates a hundred thousand dollars a year to investigate hog cholera! One hundred thousand dollars outlay to save swine from infection, one hundred millions income to spread contagion in the way of boys! In local option, which is the fashionable tint this spring in political Christianity, there is just a gleam of hope for boys; but, measured by the wrong it would correct, that remedy is infinitesimal and almost contemptible.

DRUNKENNESS, OR THE LIQUOR HABIT, CURED AT HOME IN TEN DAYS BY ADMINISTERING DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed. 48 page book of particulars free. Address the GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co., 185 Race Street Cincinati, Ohio.

VERY VALUABLE, BUT COSTS NOTHING.

The best example of getting something for nothing which has come to our knowledge is the decision of the great specialist, Dr. Greene, 35 W. 14th Street, New York, to give to the sick and suffering consultation and advice free. Enormous fees are charged by physicians of the great skill and wonderful power to cure disease possessed by Dr. Greene, and the fact that he can now be consulted, personally, or by letter, free, is a matter of congratulation for every comunity. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and all his wonderful medicines are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless. Our people will be especially interested in the fact that this eminent physician has made a specialty of treating the sick through letter correspondence. If you write him a description of your case he will return a carefully considered letter, giving you a perfect understanding of your disease, advice, etc., without charge, Sufferers who have failed to get relief cannot afford to neglect this great opportunity, but should write to Dr. Greene at once. Be sure and send for his symptom blank to fill out.

CATARRH, NOT LOCAL, BUT CONSTITUTIONAL.

Dr. Dio Lewis, the eminent Boston physician, in a magazine article says: "A radical error underlies nearly all medical treatment of catarrh. It is not a disease of the man's nose; it is a disease of the man, showing itself in the nose—a *Local* exhibition of a Constitutional trouble." Therefore, he argues, the use of snuff and other local applications is wrong, and while they seem to give tempory relief, they really do more harm than good. Other leading authorities agree with Dr. Lewis. Hence, the only proper method of cure for catarrh is by taking a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, reaching every part of the body through the blood, does eliminate all impurities and make the whole man helthier. It remover the cause of the trouble and restores the diseased membrane to proper condition. That this is the practical result is proven by thousands of people who have been cured of catarrh by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE TONE OF VOICE.

It is not so much what you say,
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use,
As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept;
'Come here' I cooed and he looked and smiled
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tones may break the heart.

Yor words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap forth from the inner self
And reveal the state of the heart.

Whether you know it or not—
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice,
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

He thoroughly believs in it.—Mr. A. J. Rutherford, Geneva Book Bindery, Geneva, N. Y., writes: "I received a severe knock on my head, cutting the scalp badly. I applied Salvation Oil, and a few applications removed all pain. It is the best thing for cuts, burns, and bruises. I keep it both in my house and shop, and would not be without it."

Seen from the Saddle is the title of a volume of out-doors ketches by Isa Carring Cabell, which Harper & Brothers will bring out some time this fall. Mrs Cambell is a young writer whose essays and short stories in HARPER'S BAZAR and other periodicals have won for her a deserved recognition. The subjects which are brought to notice in this her first book embrace a wide variety of topics, from the story of a scamper over Connecticut hills, and talks about horsemanship and country roads, to discussions of some of the latest matters of interest in literature and society.

AMONG the journalistic enterprises of the present year none are of more permanent importance or more general interest than the series of illustrated papers in HARPER'S WEEKLY on "The Capitals of the World," each contributed by a writer of national distinction. The thirteenth paper in this series will be a description of Christmas, the capital of Norway, written by Harold Hansen, and will appear in the next number of the WEEKLY.

TRIAL LIST.

For November Term. 1892—Commencing Monday, November 28th.

A A Walker vs. Hoover, Gates and Miller.

Dale, Hart & Co. vs W H Hoover, Agt.

R C Bowes Granite Co vs C W Hunter.

Benjamin Breon vs M G Brown.

Jas. Harris & Co. vs J H and W F Holt.

Lucida Burnside vs J P Gephart, et al.

E A Glenn & Co. vs Wm Wolf.

E A Glenn & Co. vs H D Vanpelt admr's.

S Oppenheimer & Co. vs H and S Schmidt.

John C Motz vs W Miles Walker.

Samuel Page vs J P Alexander.

Jos. K Moyer vs Confer, Duck & Co.

Thos. G Ingram vs Beech Creek R R Co.

W B Cober vs P B Crider.

M P Odenkirk vs J. J and T Lingle's admr's.

COMMENCING DECEMBER THE 5TH.

Geo. W Jackson vs Nittany Valley Railroad Company. Hastings and Reeder for plaintiffs and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

The B, R and B E Railroad Company vs McCoy & Linn; Love for plaintiff, Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

William Garner & Co. vs Sol, Silknitter et al; Beaver, Gephart and Dale for plaintiff, Stitzer & McGee for defendants.

J J Delong vs J P Findley et al; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff, Keller & Keller for defendants.

Spring township school district vs the B. R., B. & B. E Railroad Company; Alexander for plaintiff and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

John Leichty vs Jrs W Moyer; Chambers et al for plaintiff and Meyer for defendant.

James R Alexander et al vs the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Company; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiffs, Blanchard for defendants.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company vs Henry Croskey et al; Orvis Bower & Orvis for plaintiffs and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

Boston Viehdorfor vs Simon and Jacob Walker, ; Hasting & Reeder for plaintiffs and Love for defendant.

James W Sankey vs C P Hewes admr's Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Spangler and Hewes for defendant.

Jennie M Waltz et al Beech Creek Railroad Company; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff and P a for defendant.

Lehigh Valley Coal Company vs Beech Creek Valley Coal Co; Orvis, Bower & Orvis for plaintiff and Peal for defendant.

Swarts & Grag vs J G Newland; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs, and Bryson for defendant.

John I Thompson vs George and John B Mattern; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiff and Love et al for defendant.

Jones and Landon vs W H Wigton Zeigler, Love, Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Bryson for defendant.

First National Bank, of Bellefonte, vs Charles McCafferty; Beaver Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Love for defendant.

Elizabeth Grossman, admr.; Hasting & Reeder for plaintiffs, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Tradesmen's National Bank vs Bellefonte Iron & Nail Company; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff, and Beaver, Gephart & Dale for defendants.

D R Kulp vs Chas. Reber, Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Orvis Bower and Orvis for defendants.

John B Leathers vs Mt Eagle Christian church; Love for plaintiff and Meyer for defendant.

Philip Collins vs F McCoy & Shugert; Love for plaintiff, and Orvis, Bower, and Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs Joseph Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs Ira Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

Elizabeth Grossman vs G W Grossman; Spangler & Hewes for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

H R Curtin, administrator vs Joseph Greene's exrs; Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiff and Keller and Keller for defendants.

Hoover Huges & Co. vs G A Walker et al Lichtenthaler for plaintiff and Bryson et al or defendants.

David Walker vs A M McClain & Co; Dale for plaintiff and Orvis, Bower & Orvis for defendants.

John M Hale & Co vs H C Baney, Beaver, Gephart & Dale for plaintiffs and Harper for the defendant.

J A Harper's administrators vs Elizabeth D Kunes et al; Orvis, Bower, & Orvis for plaintiff and Harper for defendant.

The grest value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

Mr. Eward J. Williams, of near Martha, was surprised by his friends on Saturday, Oct, 29. It was the occasion of his 21st birthday. Among those present were Misses Flora and Blanche Williams, Leona and Bertha Harpster, Elverda Woodring, Grace Jackson, Mary McKelvy; Messrs J. H. and G. W. Harpster, Wilbur Wagner,——Spangler, RR. Adams, Alonza Bennett, Blanchard Ross, Arthur Johnstonbaugh, and J. O. Harpster. A supper was served and the young people enjoyed themselves with social games until the night was well spent. Many beautiful presents were given by the uninvited guests. All had a very pleasant time.

THE COTTAGE HEARTH FOR NOVEMBER.

The November number of THE COTTAGE HEARTH fully recognizes the Thanksgiving season in its pages. A handsome frontispiece is created by illustrating a part of J. G. WHITTIER'S poem, *The Pumpkin. Elder Leland's Ghost* is the title of HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH'S capital Thanksgiving story. The *Silver-Buckled Slipper* is a story of "ye olden tyme," by SAMANTHE C. MERRILL. ANNIE ISABEL WILLIS, in her story of *Grandpa Grace's Thanksgiving*, gives us an exceptionally good tale. These are all stories of special merit, and together with DAVID KER'S account of sea adventure, make an unusually interesting number. The regular departments offer a wealth of interesting matter, notably *Household Chats*, under Mrs. MARY A. HUNGERFORD'S direction. Handsome and pleasing illustrations abound. (W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston, Mass.)

COURT PROCLAMATION—Whereas, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President Judge of the 49th Judicial Court of Common Pleas of the district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thomas F. Riley, Associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day October of 1892 to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and commence on the 4th Monday of November the 28nd day of November 1892 and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them shall be just.

Give under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 1st day of Nov., in the year of our Lord, 1892, and the one hundred and sixteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WM. A. ISHLER, Sheriff.

23 30 4t

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD, Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

It Tastes Good

One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

AGENTS We want one in every town to handle the DEALERS

JACK FROST FREEZER.

A Scientific Machine made on a Scientific Principle. Saves their cost a dozen times a year. It is not mussy or sloppy. A child can operate it. Sells at sight. Send for prices and discounts.

29 Murray St., NEW YORK.

Makes Ice Cream in 30 Seconds.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH

SAPOLIO

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"But sure, Misther Lynch, if ye'll only say the word I'll lave the brotherhood and settle down to hard work for Kathleen's sake."

"If I catch you around the castle again, me lad, I'll lay me huntin' whip about your shoulders, ould and all as I am, mind ye that now."

Provoked at this insult Maurice replied hotly:

"Have a care, Misther Lynch, what you say, or mebbe ye'll have nayther castle nor whip wan of them foine days."

With this curt threat the young fellow turned on his heel and walked briskly down the boreen.

As the disputants disappeared a little weazened, old-looking fellow stepped out from behind the hedge where he had been an attentive listener to the whole conversation.

"Aha! Maurice, me bould lad—I have ye now! I have ye now! Oh, ye think ye can thread on Feely the Fox and crush him like a wurrum, do ye? Oh, ho! an' ye didn't even deny ye belonged to the brotherhood! Oh my! oh my! but you will look purty dancin' on nothin'! Feely the Fox is ould, and little, and wake, but he's strong enough to denounce you and get you 'stretched.' I'll be revenged on you for threatin' me loike dirt, so I will!"

Two hours later a little knot of men had gathered in Tim Feely's "shebeen," and, after the "eye wather" had circulated two or three times, Tim adroitly introduced Maurice McDermott's name into the conversation.

"Upon me sowl I'm sorry for the lad," declared the wily little hypocrite, "but he's that stuck up thim days ye'd think he was lord of the manor."

"True for ye," assented one of the party, "an' if it wasn't for his brother, the priesht, dacent man, he'd have heard from the byes long ago!"

"Do you tell me?" said Tim, insinuatingly. "An' is he that way wid the byes, too? Well, well, be me faith, the cheek of the lower classes is surprisin'."

When the little crowd had almost dispersed, Feely drew James Healy, the blacksmith, aside and told him that he was burning to serve his country, but so long as Maurice McDermott was at the head of the circle he would not join.

"Go 'long wid you, Tim," was the reply, "the more there is agin him, the sooner he'll be put out. Sure I'll make you a member to-night."

This was agreed to readily, for Feely the Fox, as his sobriquet suggests, was a cunning animal, but with all his craft he was not able to do the business of a spy and informer outside of the body of men he was watching.

A few week after the conversation above recorded two members of the brotherhood belonging to the circle to which Maurice and Feely belonged were arrested and taken to Dublin. In their possession were found documents which clearly established their membership, and from one to another Feely circulated an insinuation that only the "Center" himself could possibly have given the information which led to the arrests, as he alone knew of the existence of the papers so opportunely found. To make matters worse for McDarmott, both men belonged to the faction which opposed him, and were friends of Tim Feely and his sympathizers.

If there is anything an Irishman loaths it is a traitor, and playing on this trait it was an easy matter for Feely to form an irregular court at which McDermott was tried and ultimately convicted of being a British spy.

Maurice was sentenced to death and his executioners were named. The three men appointed to commit the murder Brien O'Brien, Joseph Donahoe and Michael Mononey.

It was well known that Marice and Kathleen Lunch, in spite of her father's prohibition, still met secretly. Careful watching revealed the fact that little Patsy Healy, the blacksmith's boy, was the medium of communication between the lovers. So when one day Patsy was returning from the "Castle," Brien O'Brien, an uncle of the "gossoon," met him on the road as if by accident.

"Hello, Patsy, he said, "'tis a hard road to travel in bare feet."

"Faith it is uncle," replied the boy "and more by rayson I stepped on a scythe two days ago and nearly cut the fut off av me."

As he said this he held up the bandaged foot for O'Brien's inspection.

"Be gor, 'tis a might bad cut," said Brien. "Come you down to my place to-night and I'll put a pitch plaster on it—that's the illegant remedy for a cut, so it is."

"I will that, uncle, and thank you koindly; but I musht be thrampin'," the boy replied, preparing to move on.

"Hould on; what's your hurry?" asked Brien, stopping him.

"I'm on a message," replied Patsy.

"Who for?"

"She tould me not tell," answered the boy, simply.

"Thin I'll bate you I can tell where you're goin', and who sint you. Is it to Maurice McDermott?"

"Anan!" answered Patsy, doggedly.

"Aha! and 'tis from Kathleen Lynch, me bould bouchal."

"Anan!" replied the boy again.

"Whin did you tasht sugar plums, Patsy?" Brien asked after a moment's silence. The boy's eyes gleamed greedily as he answered:

"And where would I get money for sugar plums?"

"Would you like some?"

"Av coorse I would. Do you think I'm raving?"

"Then tell me where and whin he's to meet her, and I'll give you a thrupenny bit." As he said this, Brien held the tiny silver piece temptingly on the end of his middle finger. Patsy hesitated for a moment, and Brian leisurely proceeded to replace the money in his pocket.

"Gimme it," said the boy holding out his grimy little hand.

"Do you tell me firsht?"

"No, I'll tell you afther—you mane to deludher me."

"Indade I don't, Patsy darlin'—here it is." Brien handed the coin to the boy, who bit it to test its genuiness, and then put it in his mouth.

"Arrah, who's that?" he said, pointing down the road, Brian turned to look in the direction in which his nephew pointed, and the moment he did so Patsy started off like a hare in the opposite direction. The boy made a gallant run for it, but Brien soon overtook him.

"You thafe of the worruld!" he exclaimed, taking the youngster by the back of the neck and shaking him.

"I was only freckenin' you," asserted the unblushing Patsy.

"I have a mind to break you neck by way of no harrum," responded the now irate uncle.

Patsy then told all about the message, that the young couple were to meet that night, and with a parting kick as a reminder to him to keep his mouth tightly closed, the boy was allowed to depart.

That night the lovers met, but an hour earlier than the conspirators expected.

"Oh, my own Maurice," sighed Kathleen, "why will you mix yourself in those terrible plots? I live in daily dread that you will be taken away from me, and, and—oh, I can not say it."

"That isn't at all like a brave Irish girl, Kathleen," replied Maurice; "we should be prepared to sacrifice something for dear ould Erin."

After a little further conversation Kathleen returned to the house, Maurice remaining for a time, for fear of some one reporting the meeting to the "Squireen."

He had sat there perhaps five minutes, when he was surpised by the sound of Lynch's voice behind him.

"So you meet my daughter you blackguard:" was the salutation.

Maurice sprang to his feet and assumed a defensive attitude, but did not answer.

"I warned you to kape away from me and mine," continued Lynch, who had beeen drinkfng.

"Be quiet man, you're drunk," rejoined Maurice.

Without a word Lynch drew a revolver, leveled it at McDermott's breast, and in the next moment a bullet went crushing into the young man's heart. Springing several feet into the air, he fell forward on his face and died without a groan.

Half an hour late three stealthily-moving figures entered the dell from as many different points, and began cautiously to close in on a solitary oak tree. They arrived at their objective point almost simultaneously, each wearing a crepe mask.

"That little divil desayved me," said Brien; "there's no thrace of thim at all, at all, nor hasn't been."

At this moment Donahoe stumbled over the dead body of McDermott, which lay in the shadow of the oak.

With an exclamation of surprise he bent down to examine the features of the dead man.

"You're wrong, Brien," said Donahoe; "here he is—and he the mortial, as dead as a hammer."

For a few moments the would-be murderers looked at the body in astonishment. Then one idea seemed to enter the mind of each, and simultaneously they exclaimed:

"The Fox!"

The body was found by a farm laborer two days afterwards, and after ten days of keen investigation a Coroner's jury found that "Maurice McDermott was willfully murdered by some person or persons unknown."

From that time Bernard Lynch lived in constant dread of discovery and an ignominious death. Not the least part of his worry came from the fact that up to the time he had committed the deed, he had always been noted as a devout Catholic. Now, he avoided his duties, for he did not dare to go to God's altar with such a stain on his conscience. After a desperate battle with himself he decided that his best course was to make his confession to Father McDermott, his victim's brother, and so seal his lips forever, no matter what he might some day suspect. Accordingly as Easter drew near, he prepared himself, went to his duties and after a full and unreserved confession, received absolution for his sins.

What the feelings of Father McDermott were on learning the awful truth about Maurice's death must be left to the reader's imagination. Maurice was his only brother, and he had loved him. None had been more active than himself in trying to bring the murder to justice, and now his lips were sealed! This secret belonged to the church.

* * * * *

Ten years passed away and the murder of Maurice McDermott was almost forgotten. Beautiful Kathleen Lynch had devoted her life to the service of the poor, and as a Sister of Mercy had brought relief and ease to many a suffering man and woman.

Bernard Lynch was now more like a man of 70 than of 60. One day he was walking slowly and painfully, with the aid of a stick, when the priest, also on foot, overtook him. Strangely enough, it was the anniversary of Maurice's death. Both men remembered it, and the priest with some return of the old feeling, wished to pass on after a simple salutation.

"Don't hurry, Father," said Lynch. "Surely you can spare a few minutes to a poor ould invalid. It's a strange thing they never found it out," he continued, after they had walked a few yards in silence.

"Found what out?" inquired the priest, with a curious gleam in his eyes which Lynch did not notice.

"The murder," answered Bernard, surprised at the question.

"What murder do you mean?" asked the priest, with much apparent obtuseness.

"Don't you remember my confession?"

"Your confession?" echoed the priest, "what confession?"

"Sure your mimory musht be goin', Father," replied Lynch.

"It is not so good as it was," assented the priest, mildly. "What confession are you talking about, for you've made many a one to me."

"I mane the time I confessed I sent a bullet into your brother's heart," said the old man in a low voice.

In an instant the priest's manner changed. His eyes flashed with a glance of triumph and he drew himself up to his full height as he said:

"At last! For ten years my tongue has been tied and I dared not reveal the secret told me under seal of the confessional, but now Bernard Lyneh, you have betrayed yourself in God's open air, not to the priest, but to the man."

Lynch stood dazed for a moment. Then he reeled and fell with a groan of agony. The excitement of that supreme moment had ruptured his heart and Father McDermott allowed his secret to be buried with him.—*J. A. Fraser, in the Chicago Journal.*

New Story About Gen. Grant.

The captain of an Indiana regiment has been making public some reminiscences of Grant in which there is a new anecdote of the great general's way of doing things on the battlefield. In the fighting before Vicksburg the command of Gen. McGinnis was drawn up behind intrenchments in a hollow at the foot of a hill occupied by 20,000 Confederates. Grant rode up to McGinnis and said, "Will your men go up that hill?" "They will go through hell, if necessary," was the prompt reply. "All right," said Grant; "they will have a chance to do it after a while." The remark was made in a matter-of-fact way and in a few minutes the order came to advance. It was a worse assault in point of mortality than that on the guns of Balaclava, for four-fifths of the advancing Union column went down in killed or wounded, and after it was over Gens. Hovey and McGinnis and Col. Spicely "cried like children" at the loss of their men. But the sacrifice saved thousands of other Union lives and drew the enemy into a trap, putting the city at Grant's mercy. Gen. Grant, according to this same authority, always wore a slouch hat, a common blouse, and top-boots when in the field. A Confederate prisoner observing him at Vicksburg said: "There isn't a subordinate officer in our whole army who does not put on more style than you, Gen. Grant."

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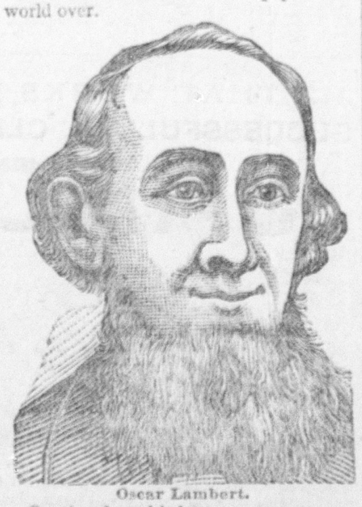
This appalling statement coming as it does, from such high medical authority, should have the attention of our citizens. There is no reason to day, why people should allow kidney disease to get such a hold on them.

Nature sends her warning in the slight pain in the back, poor circulation of the blood, sediment in the urine. When any of these symptoms appear, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy should be taken in small doses at once, and thus drive the poison out of the blood and restore the kidneys to healthy action.

To our knowledge this is the only medicine that surely and effectually cures this almost universal complaint.

We note the happy recovery of Mr. Oscar Lambert, of Jerico, Mo., whose case has been talked of in the papers the world over.



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Wm. Huston the popular West Shore R. R. engineer, came out in an open letter stating how he had suffered with kidney disease. Physicians treatment, and the use of various preparations failed to benefit him. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, was procured and it made him well.

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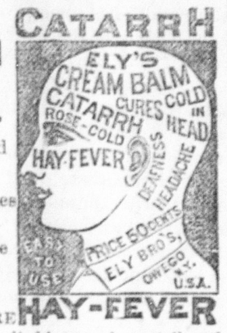

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Commencement week, June 12—15, 1892. Fall term opens Sept. 14, 1892. Examination for admission, June 16 and Sept. 17. For catalogue or other information, address,

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State College, Pa.

PILES

"ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

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SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER.

Has had many years experience locating lands and roads in Centre and adjoining counties. Reference if desired. Has timber land for sale.

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206 N. [illegible] Philadelphia, Pa.

Are the [illegible] for the Treatment of

Special [illegible] & Youthful Errors,

Blood Poisons, Syphilis, Ulcers, Runnings, [illegible], Bladder, Kidney and Skin [illegible], Hydrocele, Rupture, [illegible] by improved methods without detention from business. The Doctor's success is due to his life long experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A 40 years' establishment is our guarantee of success.

Treatment by Mail a Specialty.

Office hours, 9 A. M., to 2 P. M., 6 to 9 P. M. All day Saturday till 9 P. M. Sundays 10 to 12 A. M.

Send Stamp for Book. (Copyrighted.)

AN OBJECT-LESSON IN PROTECTION.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle, Rochester, N. Y.

SIR: I used to be a "Free-Trader." So thoroughly was I imbued with the doctrine that I wanted to see all custom houses abolished, and the revenue collected by taxing every individual according to his wealth. It was during a residence of several years in New York City that I imbibed these notions. The pet expression attributed to the Chatham street parrot—"a Tariff is a tax"—was not then in vogue; but many young men who had a greater wealth of words than of judgment cried "Free-Trade," and those who were still more callow joined in the cry.

Thirteen years ago I went to England and hadiopportunities to see something of the poorer classes, in the farming, the manufacturing and the mining districts. I saw how they lived, and how they appeared, as well as some of the places in which they worked. I went through the market in Sheffield on the evening of the day that the men had received their wages. Ittwas a pitiable sight to behold what they bought. The back slums of Manchester were visited, a lace manufactory at Nottingham, and the poor quarters of London, Leeds and Glasgow.

Among the tenant farmers of Midland and Northern England, also of Southern Scotland, I made pedestrian excursions, and was greatly surprised to find how poorly they lived. In Westmorland county I visited a large public school, and the forlorn appearance and obsequious manners of the children were in striking contrast with those of our noble band of American boys and girls. In the rural districts, and in the cities, the men were rude as well as ignorant, and likely to insult a stranger who would ask them a question. On legal holidays they were a disagreeable and almost a dangerous crowd to meet. How different was it in France, Germany and Holland!.

On returning from a second trip abroad I settled in Southeastern Pennsylvania, and lived their several years. It was in a region where both farming and manufacturing are extensively and successfully carried on, and where the people are prosperous and happy. Many of the factory operatives there are English, and no one who has seen both places need wonder that they sought to better their condition by coming to the New World That they have bettered it is evident from the appearance of their homes and their families, as well as from the marked advance in their own self-respect.

Among the tenant farmers the contrast is even more marked. While the slaters and the tin-workers, who did their very best in Wales, find that they can do abundantly better in Pennsylvania, the same may be said of those engaged in the mining and manufacture of iron. These Welshmen make some of our best citizens; and their immigration is of real benefit to this county.

After being taught this object-lesson I became a Protectionist.

H. F.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1892.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAINS MERCURY,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it thought the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Gladstone, as quoted by the excellent and reliable *Home Market Bulletin* of Boston, says that profits were not "larger in protected than in unprotected industries,' because "in protected trades profits are hard pressed by wages." He is a Free-Trader, but too true and too large in view to think or say that protected manufacturers can, or do, use their power to oppress their wage-workers so as to be justly marked as "sinners above all others." Doubtless he knows that wages in our protected trades, iron and steel for instance, are double those in England. Protection does not give the manufacturer larger profits, but it enables him to carry on his business and pay better wages. With him it is either not to live at all, or to "live and let live," with his workers, who always live better and earn more under Protection than under Free-Trader.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habbit Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It is manufactured as a powder, which can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It has been given in thousands of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has followed. It never fails. The system once impregnated with the Specific, it becomes an utter impossibility for the liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed.

48 page book of particulars free. Address Golden Specific Co., Race St., Cincinnati, O.

YOU CAN WIN $6000

by estimating the plurality of the total popular vote, or nearest to it, which either Harrison or Cleveland will receive. For particulars see this week's FAMILY STORY PAPER. Out to-day. All news-stands.

POVERRTY.

"The poor ye have always with you" is an old Scripture verified by the experence of ages. The Republican, especially in these campaign days, is emphasizing he cheeirng fact of our growth as a nation n wealth, in the products of industry and skill, in better wages, and in the general welfare of the people. Is the blind optimism? Does it show a heartless forgetfulness of poverty? Surely not; for our main aim is to advocate a policy which has helped, and will help, to uplift the lowly and lessen the pinching pains of the needy. The causes of poverty are manifold—ignorance, shiftleness, incompetence, and the awful curse of drunkenness, that great cause of crime and despair, are among them. Able and good men and women are doing much, and writing much, in journals devoted to these matters, for the mitigation of these evils. The tide of pauper and criminal and incompetent immigrants pouring into our land swells the flood of poverty. That tide must be checked, and the industrious and self-sustaining foreigner, competent to rise higher and help us all on and up, should be welcomed. In the strong feeling of the need of more stringent immigration laws our intelligent citizens of foreign birth are heartily with us. We must not be a dumping ground for the refuse of other countries. Their vicious and helpless people, whom they are glad to be rid of, must not be heartlessly flung over our borders.

But to this and other pressing and important question we can give no large space. Emerson wisely says, "Concentrate." Not forgetful of other issues, it is wise to take up some main questions and make that the central aim and inspiring purpose of a journal. The Republican, as its every page shows, is devoted to the advocacy of Protection to home Industry, in the firm belief and strong conviction that, "in the future as in the past," it will be a mighty help in lessening poverty in putting hope in the place of dispair, education in the place of ignorance, skill in the place of crude incompetence, and wealth of soul and life, as well as of soil and purse, in the place of narrow thought and barren fields. Not to make "the rich richer and the poor poorer," but to lessen the amount and extent of poverty, is the idea of the Protective policy. As its advocate, we are not forgetful, but mindful, of the poor.

VILE AND UNWORTY

Of consideration are nostrums of which it is asserted—and there are many such—that they cure immediately bodily ailments of long standing. There are none such that can. Chronic disorders cannot be instantaneously removed. Continuity in the use of a genuine medicine, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will eradicate chronic physical evils. Not the least of these last in the force of its opposition to medicine is constipation, to the removal of which, if presisted in, the Bitters is particularly adapted. Constriction of the bowels is a complaint which should be dealt with early and systematically. So are its usual attendants, liver complaint and dyspepsia. For these, for malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and more recently "lagrippe," this highly and professionally commended medicine is an undoubted specific. Nothing can exceed it, moreover, as a means of imparting strength to the feeble and nervous.

Never so much money in our savings banks; never so good wages in proportion to costs of living; never such varied employment for so large a number of men and women, in proportion to our population; never so much of external comforts of life and of taste, as well as comfort, in the homes of the people; never a pauper currency more sound and safe; never interest on money so low; never a foreign commerce so great; never a home trade more important than foreign commerce so immense; never crops on our farms so valuable as to-day. All this under Republican and Protection methods and policy. Always, when we look back, prosperity has gone down under Free Trade, always has it risen under Protection. To change is perilous. Let every voter think of this, and cast his ballot for Harrison and Reid, for a Republican Congressman, and for all the nominees of the party under which our present prosperty has been reached.

I have been a great sufferer from dry catarrh for many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 39 Woodward Ave., Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and can use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful.—R. H. Cressengham, 275 18th St. Brooklyn.

James G. Blaine recently made a brief address to the citizens of Westchester County who had assembled at Ophir Farm to greet him. Among other good things, he said of the Irish vote: "It is one of the mysteries of our politics that a question which interests England so supremely, which is canvassed almost as much in London as it is in New York, should have the Irish vote on the side of Great Britain. If the Irish vote were solidly for Protection, they could defy all the machinations of the Democratic party for Free-Trade, and throw their influence on the side of home market of America against the tide of the foreign markets of England I know this appeal has been frequently made to the Irish voters, but I make it with emphasis now, for I am unwilling to believe that with the light of knowledge before them they will deliberately be on the side of their former oppressors.

QUESTIONS FOR FREE--TRADERS.

Did you ever know a time when wages were as high as to-day?

Were wages not always lower in every period of Free-Trade, or Tariff for revenue only, in our history?

Did you ever know a time when a day's earnings would buy so much of life's comfort and luxuries as now?

Which do you think the greatest and best Democrat, Andrew Jackson, the Protectionist, or Grover Cleveland, the Free-Trader?

About two-thirds of the deposits in savings banks may be counted as the savings of working people. Did you ever know a time under a Free-Trader or revenue Tariff policy when those deposits were half as much, in proportion to population, as they are now?

Did you ever hear of the Democratic Free-Trade time, between 1856 and 1860, when a majority of the mechanics and laborers in Philadelphia were out of work and a railroad company advertising for a few men to labor in digging, &c., at 62½ cents a day, had thousands of applicants, many skilled machanics among them?

Do you think the Tammany tiger—a Free Trade beast—a safe animal to lead you "into green pastures and beside the still waters," unless you are led there to be eaten up in due time?

Many questions have been asked. It is getting tiresome, for no answers come. We have not the vanity to suppose that you are coming to our office in crowds to stand waiting, hats in hand, for the privilege of answering these queries, yet a faint hope has been cherished that a few of them might be replied to. If they should be, the answers will have fair treatment and early publication. Many questions are sent to us, and we answer as many as time and space allow. Really, it looks as though ours to our Free-Trade fellow citizens have no replies, because they are unanswerable. Is that so?

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

EVERYBODY LIKES

to be called handsome, especially the young ladies. But that is simply impossibly as long as their face is covered with pimples, bloches and sores. But wait, there is no need of this: one or two bottles of Sulphur Bitters will remove all such disfigurations, and make your face fair and rosy.—*Fannie Bell, Editress.*

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

In the report of the annual basket picnic and reunion of the Centre County Veteran Club held at Grange Park, Centre Hall, on Sept 16th, the following resolution was omitted. We now ask you to do us the favor to publish it:

Resolved, That the Centre County Veteran Club feel themselves greatly indebted to the officers of Grange Park for their courtesy in giving us the free use of their grounds for our picnic and for the special arrangement made for our comfort and entertainment; for giving us the exclusivs use of their large pavilion, and the freedom of the grounds; also for having procured such excellent railroad facilities and low fare, that we were able to make the reunion one the largest and most pleasant ever held by the Club.

JAMES A BEAVER, Secretary. JOHN C MILLER, President.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ripans Tabules are always ready.

The deposits of the savings banks of Cleveland have increased more than $4,000,000 in the last twelve months. The rate of gain is about 10 per cent. Meanwhile the increase in the population of the city has not been more than 7 or 8 per cent. The amount of deposits in proportion to the number of people in Cleveland must be larger, therefore, than it was a year ago. Beyond question, the splendid growth of the saving institutions of the city proves that the wage-workers, the artisans, the laborers, have bettered their condition very decidedly within the past year.—*Cleveland Leader.*

PILES! PILES! ITCHING PILES.

Symptom—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. s 24–1 y

The number of *Harper's Young People* issued October 25th will close the thirteenth yearly volume of that unrivalled publication for boys and girls. Among many other features of interest, it will contain a description of the Children's Parade at the New York Columbian Celebration, written by Jno. Gilmer Speed, and accompanied by three pages of illustrations.

FEMALE WEAKNESS--SURE CURE.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours respectfully, Dr. W. B. MARCHISI, 90 Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. 24 4t

Reports from New South Wales show that colony to be in a remarkabey prosperous condition. New South Wales, it will be remembered, was the last Australain Colony to adopt Protection, and the short period of a year during which the new system has been in operation has already splendidly vindicated the change.

THE POSTMASTER

Winchester, Mass., says: I am personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Carleton, and was astonished at the remarkable effects of your Sulphur Bitters in curing their son, and its large sale is undoubtedly due to the fact that it is an honest medicine. I know of many others who have been cured by its use, and I do not think too much can be said in its praise.

Yours truly,
GEO. P. BROWN, P. M.

NOT STOLEN, not original, but given with due credit to the author. It is good Democratic gospel, such as Andrew Jackson preached in 1824 and for years after, and never retracted. This edifying and pointed discourse is from the New York *Sun*:

One duty of government is to protect the labor of its citizens.

* * * * * * *

Munich is a gallery and center of art. German women with as many as six children saw wood in its streets for 15 cents a day. May a merciful God sink the United States 10,000 feet under the sea before the hideous spectacle shall become an incident of our civilization!

Nearly seven hundred million dollars' worth of the starvation labor of Europe in the form of manufactured goods imported into this country.....That which came from Belgium in bales and boxes represented the wages of 22 cents a day for women and 43 cents for men; and the highest price labor in loose cargoes of Belgian steel and iron represented wages less than 80 cents a day. Compared with these the wages of Carnegie's men at Braddock are the incomes of princes.

Italian labor in Italian merchandise was imported into this country.....in competition with American labor, at prices that should fill sensitive souls with horror, and alarm the thoughtful for the future of the human race. The pay in the cotton factories of Naples is 20 cents a day; of the Neapolian marble and grannite cutters, from 40 to 50 cents a day, according to skill; of coachmen, 30 cents, of women in lace factories, 10 cents and girls, 7 cents; of soldiers in the army, $2 a month. Of all the workmen in the glassworks of Italy only the skilled blowers receive as high as a dollar a day, and laborers on farms, hoeing or making hay, from 15 to 18 cents a day, working from sun to sun. God save America from such wages!

In the Swiss silk goods.....was the skilled labor of men at 41 cents a day, and of women at 20 cents, both competing with the silk weavers of Paterson, New York, Philadelphia and Cheney, Glasgow, in Scotland, is the steamship factory of the world, and its blast furnace owners and iron rollers howl for Free-Trade day and night. Of the families in that manufacturing Sodom 41,000 out of 100,000 live in one room, and half of the men and women in the city are chronically out of work. That one room for a family of father, mother, daughters and sons tells what wages are in Scotland, and how they drag humanity down into bestiality and misery.

GUARANTEED CURE.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, upon this condition. If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Lung, Throat or Chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at C. M. Parrish's drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

When Charlemagne and his "Knights of the Round Table" were making war on the Saracens, in Africa, it frequently happened that Knights on either side would fight in single combat for the honor of their respective armies. The Saracens had been, for many years, the scourge—the dreaded invaders—of Europe, and all waged war against this common enemy.

But in these days the worst scourge that threatens us, is that dread invader, *Consumption.*

Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, or money paid for it will be refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an unequaled remedy.

For all diseases that arise from a torpid liver and impure blood, nothing can take the place of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Nothing will, after you have seen what it does. It prevents and cures by removing the cause. It invigorates the liver, purifies the blood, sharpens the appetite improves digestion, and builds up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health.

Sold by druggists, everywhere.

A MODERN MARVEL.

When The PITTSBURG Times took possesion of its splendid building last April it published promises that THE TIMES would grow in excellence in the same proportion as its quarters have been enlarged. THE TIMES had already won such a proud position among the newspapers of the country that there was general curiosity to know how the the promise would be redeemed. That curiosity has been most pleasantly gratfied. THE TIMES has been so enlarged, and so many new features have been added, that it is evrywhere cited as a marvel of modern journalism. The chief wonder is that a newspaper so complete in every respect can be sold for one cent a day, or $3,00 per year, little more than the cost of a first class weekly paper. If any of our readers are not familliar by personal inspection with the merits of THE TIMES, we advise them to send for a sample copy, which will be mailed free to any address. If there is no agent for THE TIMES in your locality it will pay you to write to THE TIMES for terms to agents.

BISHOP POTTER'S recent utterance on the subject of "Sunday and the Columbian Exposition" has been widely quoted. He has written an article on "Some Exposition Uses of Sunday," to appear in the November *Century*, in which he not only advocates keeping the Fair open on Sunday, but makes some practical suggestions which, if they are carried out, will make the Exposition do its highest educational and moral work on that day.

THERE seems to be no limit to Colonel Knox's ability for writing history and description in the most agreeable manner. *The Boy Travellers in Central Europe*, just published by Harper & Brothers, is the latest of his books, and it follows "the Boys" as they wander among Paris cafes, along the Seine, over sunny France to the Alps in Switzerland, and, in the happiest way imaginable, through the central countries of Europe. One can almost travel with them by reading the book, it is so fully illustrated.

HAY FEVER

Relieved at once, and gradually taken out of the system by

DR HOXIE'S CERTAIN CROUP CURE

The greatest remedy known for the complete prevention and cure of Pneumonia, Diptheria, Croup, Catarrhal Colds, and Bronchitis. 50 cents.

A. P. HOXIE, Buffalo, N. Y., Mfgr. 36 4t

WANTED—Good Canvasser; salary and expenses from start; steady work; good chance for advancement. BROWN BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y. 36 3m.

EMPLOYMENT — TO WHOLESALE GOODS. Advertise and secure local Salesmen. Salary $50 to $100 per month. Expenses advanced. State salary wanted, also your preference for home work or traveling. Sloan & Co., Mfrs. 294 George St., Cincinnati, O. 30 2t

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Not like a BUSINESS COLLEGE
Not like a SHORTHAND COLLEGE
Not like a LITERARY COLLEGE
Not like a TELEGRAPH COLLEGE, but THOROUGHLY and EMPHATICALLY

INDIVIDUAL AND ORIGINAL

Catalogue mailed for 4 stamps. Address NELSON ARTHUR MILLER, Pres., Elmira, N. Y. 40 4t

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Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done. PRESSWORK, FROM PLATES 50 CTS. PER 1000.

Our representative will call upon you if so advised. Address,

Republican, Bellefonte

A GRAND OFFER. LOCAL OR TRAVELING SALESMEN wanted for our Nursery Stock. $75 TO $150 per month SALARY, or commission. No experience needed. Address, with reference, H. E. MERRELL & CO., Geneva, N. Y. 38 4t

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL NURSERY STOCK. We grow all the leading varieties, both old and new. We replace all stock that dies and guarantee satisfaction Highest salary or commission from the start Write for terms, H. E. HOOKER CO., Rochester, N. Y. 38 4t

AN UGLY COUGH
yields at once to
DR. HOXSIE'S CERTAIN GROUP CURE
Contains no opium. Causes no nausea. 50c. Sold by prominent druggists throughout the State. 38 4t

WANTED at once SALESMEN in every county for our Choice Nursery Stock and new varieties of
SEED POTATOES
Salary or commission. Steady employment. Send for terms.
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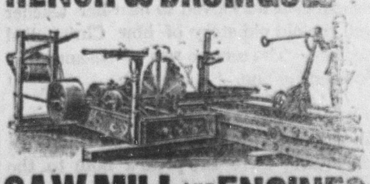
A GRAND OFFER LOCAL OR TRAVELING SALESMEN wanted for our Nursery Stock. $75 to $150 per month salary or commission. No experience needed. Address, with reference H. E. MERRELL & CO., Geneva, N. Y. 18 4t

HENCH & DROMGOLD



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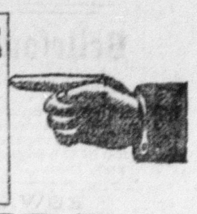
A wonderful improvement in **Friction Feeds** and **Gig-Back.** Back motion of Carriage three times as fast as any other in the market. **Friction Clutch Feed,** causing all the feed gearing to stand still while backing; **great saving in power and wear.** Write for circulars and prices; furnished free upon application. Also **Spring Tooth Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers,** etc. *Mention this paper.*

HENCH & DROMGOLD, Manfrs., YORK, PA.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it *while others do not.*

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

VIOLA CREAM

The Chain of evidence is now complete—that DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM is the only preparation that positively does all that is claimed for it. It removes Freckles, Liver-moles, Blackheads, Pimples, Tan, and all imperfections of the skin, without injury. A few applications will render a rough or red skin soft, smooth and white. It is not a cosmetic to cover defects, but a cure, and guaranteed to give satisfaction. Price 50c. At druggists; or sent by mail. Send for testimonials,

G. C. BITTNER & CO.,
TOLEDO, - - OHIO.

BEECH CREEK RAILROAD.
N. Y. C. & H. R. R. R. LESSEE.

November 16, 1890.

Direct communication made with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at Williamsport for Philadelphia, New York and intermediate points.

READ UP		STATIONS.	READ DOWN	
No 35	No 41		No 32	No 38
P. M.				P. M.
1 35		Gazzam		2 25
1 27		Kerrmoor		2 33
1 18		New Millport		2 42
1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M		A M	
12 00	9 15	Clearfield	7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 10	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 09
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 39
P M	A M		P M	A M

ADDITIONAL TRAINS.—Clearfield Accommodation leaves Gazzam at 8.30 a m and 5.00 p m, arriving at Clearfield at 10.15 a m and 7.30 p m.

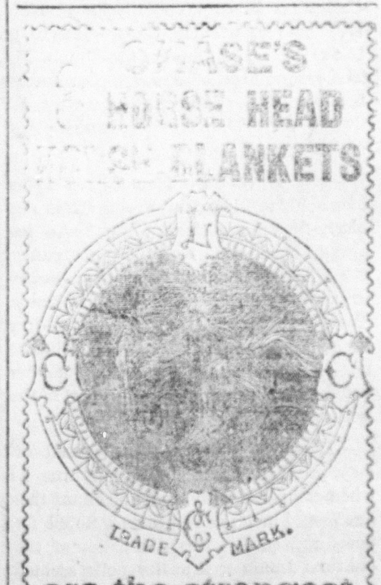
Gazzam Accommodation leaves Clearfield at 6.10 a m and 4.00 p m, arriving at Gazzam at 8.00 a m and 5.30 p m.

Sleeping car on Through Express, both ways between Williamsport and Philadelphia (Ninth and Green street station) daily except Sunday.

CONNECTIONS—At Gazzam with stages to and from Ansonville, Berwinsdale and Bell's Gap Railroad. At Clearfield with stages to and from DuBois and Penfield. At Jersey Shore with Pine Creek Division of Fall Brook Railway. At Williamsport with Philadelphia and Reading Railroad for all points East.

F. E. HERRIMAN, Gen'l Pass'r Ag't.
A. G. PALMER, Sup't. Jersey Shore, Pa

CHASE'S HORSE HEAD BLANKETS



TRADE MARK.

are the strongest and best.

Chase's Plush Lap Robes

are the standard. The plush will not shed. All robes have the name Chase either woven in the binding or sewed on the corner.

FIRST-CLASS DEALERS WILL SELL NO OTHERS.

L. C. CHASE & CO., Boston, Mass.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—There were about fifty young men in Bellefonte, that voted on age at the election last Tuesday.

—What this campaign just past, lacked in enthusiasm was made up for in the silly bets that were made on the result.

—We are pleased to hear that judge Daniel Rhoads, who has been very sick for weeks, is getting stronger every day.

—There were no services in the Presbyterian church last Sunday, on account of repairs that are going on in the church and chapel.

—The State College foot ball team started for Pittsburg last Friday to play with the Atheletic Association of that city. The boys won by a score of 16 to 0.

—Rev. Donnelly, pastor of the Catholic church at Hollidaysburg, died at his residence in that place at one o'clock on Wednesday morning, Nov. 2. He was a man much beloved, of scholarly attainments. The funeral took place last Friday morning.

—Knowing all our readers would want to know the result of the election we have held our paper back some this week. We think the result is we have given it is correct. We wish we could give our Republican readers better results but we cannot go back on the returns.

—John Fisher and family, from Boalsburg, have removed to Bellefonte into one of the houses owned by Wilbur Twitmire, on Water street. Mr. Fisher is in the employ of the Pennsylvania railroad as brakeman and is at present on the local freight running from Bellefonte to Sunbury.

—When you want good groceries and wish to be waited on by pleasant and agreeable clerks, and want the best goods in the market at the most reasonable prices, go to the Eureka Grocery, High St. Bellefonte, next door to post office, M. P. Tuten, proprietor, and you will be so much pleased that you will go back.

—The presbyterian society of Moshanon will hold a festival in the church on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, Nov., 18 and 19. Oysters, Ice cream, Cakes and confectionery will be served. The proceeds will go to reparing the roof of the church. Everybody is invited to come and have a good time and help a good cause. Come one, come all.

—On Tuesday evening, Nov. 1, at the home of the brides parents in Snow Shoe, Mr. William H. Derstine, of Bellefonte, was united in marriage to Miss Ella Linn. Mr. Derstine is employed at Crider's Lumber yard and is a very steady young man. We wish them a long life and a happy one, that they may have a score of babies and plenty of money.

—"The Standard" of Salisbury, Md., in a late issue says that Mr. William P. Humes, of Bellefonte, has been there looking after certain mineral interests on six thousand acres of land owned by him, a few miles west of that town, which contains vuluable deposits of coal and fire clay. A Mr. J. N. Davis reports finding several large veins of coal on the land.

—The ladies of the Presbyterian church who live on Bishop, High and Allegheny streets, Bellefonte, gave a chicken and Waffle supper at the residence of Mrs. Catharine Humes, on Allegheny street, last Thursday evening, the proceeds to go to swell the organ fund of the church. The The entertainment was a complete success in every way, the receipts were seventy five dollars. The ladies were much pleased with there success,

—Mrs. D. G. Bush has not lived in her handsome residence on Spring street regularly for years although the house has always been kept ready for occupancy. For a long time past she has been boarding with her daughter, Mrs. Calaway. She has now rented the house occupied by her daughter to C. C. Shuey and will take up her residence at her old home her daughter's family will occupy a part of the house with her.

—The election in Bellefonte passed off very quietly and this is especially true as when compared with all the elections that has passed much as our town is noted for peace and quiet. The occupation of the old time drummer in at the polls seemed to be almost gone. Buying votes with whiskey or money seemed to be a thing of the past, the new system of voting making it very uncertain business. Most people expressed themselves as pleased with the new order of things.

—Miss Margaret Cook, daughter of Andrew Cook, of West Linn street, who has been very sick for several months past and whose condition has been made worse by the noises in town, blowing steam fire alarm, blasting, etc., has by advice of her physician been removed to a farm in the country where it is hoped she will speedily recover good health. She is troubled with a spinal complaint and is very nervous; the noise in town excited her very much. Her mother accompanied her.

BELLEFONTE FENCIBLES.

Held Their First Reunion Since the War Last Friday Evening.

Last Friday evening the magnificent rooms of Gregg Post G. A. R., were crowded with an audience assembled to witness the first reunion of the old Bellefonte Fencibles, a military organization that had its birth in the year 1858. In all there were about twenty members out of the original one hundred present. Meyer's Orchestra was present to furnish music for the occasion.

The meeting was called to order shortly after 8 o'clock by Col. George A. Bayard, who stated the meeting as being open for organization. Thereupon Robert Valentine was chosen the presiding officer, James H. Rankin, reading clerk, and C. P. Stonerode of Milesburg, secretary. The orchestra then played as an overture a medley entitled "America," after which Rev. Honesty, of the A. M. E. church, led in prayer. Roll call was next in order and the following persons answered to their names: Ex Gov. A G. Curtin, who was captain of the Fencibles: James H Rankin, who was first sergeant, Cyrus Strickland, Monroe Armor, Gen. John I, Curtin, H P Harris, H H Montgomery, P M Barnhart, H C Yearger, Robert Valentine, John Anderson, Frank P Green, E M Blanchard, W W Montgomery, Col. George A Bayard, W S Tripple, Col. D K Tate, all of Bellefonte, R C Cheesman, of Washington, D C., Joseph Schnell, of Binghamton, N Y; Abram Miller, of Pleasant Gap; C P Stoneroad, of Milesburg, William Orner, of McAlevey's Fort.

At the completion of the calling of the roll the "Old War Governor" was called on for a speech and responded briefly. Mr. Curtin told some very interesting as well as amusing war stories in addition to making a very good speech.

The secretary then called the attention of those present to letters of regret received from a number of absent comrades. Sergeant James H. Rankin read a brief history of the Fencibles from their organization. The company was organized in 1858 one hundred men strong. When the war broke out in 1861 and there was a call for volenteers the Bellefonte Fencibles responded so promptly that they were the second military organization to reach Harrisburg. They served through the three month's service at the expiration of which the Fencibles disbanded but most of its members re-enlisted and served to the end of the war.

Robert Valentine was the next speaker on the list and he was followed by E. C. Humes, Hon. John Hamilton, of State College, and a number of others.

At the completion of the speech making adjournment was made to the Post dining room where an elegant lunch had been prepared and over which Mrs. S. A. Bell and Mrs Thomes Donachy presided. Other ladies were present to assist the old soldiers to all they could eat. After the inner man was satisfied a campfire was lighted and kept burning brilliantly for a good solid hour. Altogether the occasion was quite a memorable one for all members of the old Bellefonte Fencibles as well as for all old soldiers.

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

During the past twenty years, says the Portland Oregonian, 328,000 divorces have been granted by the courts of the United States, ninety per cent. of them to women. While this total is large enough to appear to give good grounds for the assertion that the perpetuity of the family is threatened, it dwindles when brought into comparison with the number of marriages during the same period. One-twentieth of the total is 16,400, the number granted each year, only about one per cent. of the number of marriages. There is nothing in the world that human beings undertake to do that can show so small a percentage of total failure as marriage. Though statistics are not at hand to prove it there is doubt of divorces much exceed golden weddings in number. Investigation of the subject of improper marriages would seem to offer more hope of results beneficial to society than examination of divorce statistics.

—Last Sunday morning there was a memorial service at the Lutheran church in Bellefonte in memory of Frank Harbaugh and Annie Ishler two children of the Sunday school who have been taken away from loving parents and friends by the dread disease diphtheria, which has visited our town taking from some of our families dearly loved children. Frank Harbaugh was a young lad thirteen years old a lad of promise and one that loved his church and Sunday school and always ready to serve in any way its prayers or advancements. Annie Ishler was five years old, a lovely child, the joy and pride of her parents. She was fond of Sunday school class and loved to hear her teacher tell the old old story of how Christ died for her. The service was a solemn and interesting one.

—After the burial of Mrs. Harrison at Indianapolis the President, just before his departure, gave the press a note to the public of which the following is a copy:

My Dear Old Friends and Neighbors: I cannot leave you without saying that this tender and gracious sympathy which you have to day shown for me and for my children and much more the touching evidence you have given of your love for the dear wife and mother, have deeply moved our hearts. We yearn to tarry with you and to rest near the hallowed spots where your loving hands have laid our dead: but the little grand children watch in wondering silence for our return and need our care, and some public business will no longer wait on my sorrow. May a gracious God keep and bless you all. Most gratefully yours.

Benjamin Harrison.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Mr. Editor—Since my resignation in December, 1890; of the Pastorate of Messiah's Church, it seems some what difficult for me to report promptly what may belong more directly to clerical work; I therefore submit below a few items that may be of interest to at least some of your readers:—

On the 26th day of May, 1892, I united in wedlock at Snow Shoe Intersection, William F. Cox and Mary E. Shawley both of Marsh Creek region in Centre County; and on June 2d, 1892, Walter Smith and Mary Hugg both of Milesburg were united in matrimony by me, at the residence of the brides father; while in September 14, 1892, Thomas A Poorman of Boggs, and Lucy Brower of Union township were also joined in wedlock by the undersigned.

On the 21st day of October George Izra, infant son of George and Elizabeth Watson of Central City was buried; having died the day previous, aged I year, 2 months and 13 days. And Lastly. The interment of the remains of John Lannen of Union township, took place at Central Messiahi Church graveyard on the 23d of October, 1892. His death occuring on the 21st, at the age of 66 years 9 months and 20 days. He leaves a widow six sons and one daughter to mourn his departure, and the large attendance at his funeral spoke well for the community in which he lived. May he rest in peace.

Rev. J. Zeigler

DEATH OF MRS. SCHREYER.

Last Friday afternoon Mrs. Rebecca Schreyer, a lady well known in Bellefonte and for a long time a resident here, died at Chicago after a long illness. She was the wife of Mr. Allen Schreyer and the mother of ten children. Nineteen years ago she with her husband and children, some of them even at that early day having grown to be men and women, lived in this town, her husband and eldest son carried on the furniture business. Her daughters were Mrs. Daniel Garman, Mrs. Jonathan Harper and Mrs. Hoffman, of Bellefonte; Mrs. Hathhorn, of Williamsport, and Mrs. Evans, of Lock Haven. Her sons were William, Charles, Benjamin, Hayes and Harry. Since then Mrs. Daniel Garman, Mrs. Hathhorn and William have passed away. Charles is doing business at Chicago Benjamin and Hayes are located at Altoona and Harry is in business in Bellefonte. They are all excellent business men, all boys which this aged mother had every reason to be proud of, as she was. For some years past she had made her home with her son Charles at Chicago.

She was seventy-four years old. Her remains were brought to Bellefonte for interment last Monday, funeral services were held at the residence of her daughter Mr. Jonathan Harper on West Linn St.

We have known this whole family ever since we came to this town now almost twenty years ago, and we have admired their many excellent qualities. Of all this good woman's large family we can truthfully say they are manly men and noble women. We extend to them our sincere sympathy for the loss of their excellent, noble mother and we say to them, while it is philosophical to resign ourselves with fortitude to the inevitable, to the irrevocable, yet it is but human to feel, and our hearts ache when the event called death befalls those near and dear to us. Death is as natural as birth. Both belong to the order of which our being forms a part, but as we feel sorry when our friends leave us never to return, or even to be long absent, so we mourn more deeply and refuse to be comforted when through death we have lost the companionship of the loved one whose body lying lifeless before us, is about to be consigned to the grave. May God comfort you in this hour of deep sorrow.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Meese, of Howard, mother of Mr. John Meese, of Bellefonte, who makes her home with Mrs. Shewman Pletcher, was 77 years old on Tuesday. Oct 27, and her children made it the occasion of a pleasant visit to their aged mother. There were four generations present, twenty five persons in all. A grand dinner was served and the time passed plesantly. Among those present were: Mrs. Robert Cooke, Sr., Mrs. Balser Weber, of Howard, Mrs. James Thomas, of Berwick; Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Musser, of Bellefonte; Miss Carrie Smith of Berwick; Mrs. Samuel Kline, Mrs. Jos. Schench, Mrs. Reuben Lucas, Mrs. J F Long, Mrs. H T Lucas, Mrs. Wm Smith (who is a sister of Mrs. Meese), Mrs Geo. Thomas, Mrs. Nancy Holler and Miss Lillie Holler, of Everett; John Meese and wife, Mr. J Will Conley and Miss Nellie Conley. Many beautiful presents were presented by the children of this aged lady with oft repeated wishes for her continued health and comfort.

Last Thursday morning, a Horse belonging to A. G. Morris and used at his lime kilns near this town, was driven too near a steep bank and fell over going down a distance of thirty feet through the roof of a shed, strange to say, the horse did not seem to be seriously hurt and in a few moments was eating grass.

A JERSEY SHORE FATHER ACCIDENTALLY SHOOTS AND KILLS HIS LITTLE SON.

One of the saddest accidents for many years in Jersey Shore, occured last Friday afternoon and as a result of "didn't know it was loaded" the 2 year-old son of Jos. Sassaman was shot and almost instantly killled. "The Williamsport *Sun*" gives the following account of the sad accident.

As near as can be learned the details are as follows: Mr. Sessaman had been shooting at mark with a revolver. Having emptied all the chambers he returned to the house with the weapon in his hand. He had hardly seated himself when his 2-year old son, seeing the revolver, playfully pranced about, looking intently upon the curious object. Then the little fellow grasped for it after he learned by touch that it did not frighten him. With the intention of merely startling the child, Sessaman snapped the trigger, firmly believing that the revolver was empty. Instantly there was a deafening report and with a scream the child fell to the floor. A tiny stream of blood from a spot near the heart showed where the deadly missile had entered. Before a physician could respond to the call the little one's soul had taken flight. The news spread with lightning like rapidity, causing great excitement for a time, but when the details of the sad affair became known a general air of sympathy settled over the borough and many kind words of regret were heard on all sides. Several years ago Mr. and Mrs. Sessaman lost a child by its being burned to death.

SURPRISE PARTY.

A very agreeable surprise party was given to an aged citizens of Milesburg, Mr. Gray, on Saturday, Oct 59 on the anniversary of his 71st birth day. The party assembled at the house of James Gray. Among those present were: Mr. Israel Bearly and family, of Loganton Pa.; Geo. Garner and family, of Tyrone, Pa.; Mrs. Emma Leathers, of Hughsville Pa.; Wm Johnson and family and James Gray and family, of Milesburg. At eight o'clock they started for the residence of Mr. Gray; there were 46 of them—children, grand children and great grand children. Of course the old gentleman was very much surprised. The party took refreshments along and a bounteous feast was prepared. After supper numerous and beautiful presents were presented, speeches were made and a general good time was had. On the Monday night following a number of his classmates in church, to the number of 63, surprised him when another banquet was served and another presentation of presents. In accepting them he said "children and friends, you have my heartfelt thanks for these gifts tendered mother and I. I wish one thing, that is that all my children and friends were Christians, so that when we separate here, we separate only to meet in a better land."

The occasion was one of great enjoyment to all parties.

SHALL THE ALARM BE SOUNDED.

The electric light company has become tired of blowing a fire alarm for accomodation and being found fault with every time they do it and now refuse to alarm the people any more in case of fire unless the proper authority authorize them to do so, for which of course no one can blame them. Some years ago Mr. Teller, then landlord of the Bush house and a member of the electric light company, presented a fire whistle to the town to be blown as a fire alarm. the town not having any sufficient method of notifying the people in case of fire. It was placed at the electric light station and no doubt Mr. Teller and the company thought they were supplying a long felt want. But the whistle had not long been in operation until there were remonstrances from the people who live near the station. At first against its being blown except in case of fire, and finally against its being blown at all. The company has finally decided to discontinue the thankless task unless they receive the support of the proper authority. Of course the majority of the people desire the alarm to be sounded and many think it necessary but the complaniants claim that it is a great nuisance and of no use. The question now waits the action of the town council for adjustment.

IMPARTIALITY NECESSARY.

The arrest of the Salvation Army on the streets of Bellefonte last Sunday was a step which might be necessary if it was clear that it was the only way in which the blockading of the streets could be prevented. But it also was a proceeding of a nature that requires absolute certainty of its necessity in order to free it from questionable propriety.

The justification of the arrest will be made manifest or the contrary on the trial. If it is shown that the Salvationists after clear notification to the contrary persisted in stopping to gather crowds on the streets, having a church provided for them, it will follow that the arrest was necessary to maintain police authority. But it should also be made clear that these religious gatherings are not suppressed merely because they are of rather uncouth character, or because the participants are obscure and poor. The Salvationists have just the same rights as anyone else. They are entitled to all legal rights and they are also eligible to arrest if they persistently violate the law.

What should be insisted on however, is that there should be no partiality in the matter. The night before the arrest the streets were blocked for hours to give play to the tast for political parades. It should be a very clear case of defying legal authority which lead to the arrest on the subsequent day of a few religious enthusiasts for gathering a crowd of five hundred people.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS

The Eureka Grocery, on High street, is receiving new goods every day call and see them.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Malin are enjoying a visit from Mrs. William Burns, of West Chester. Mrs. Burns is mother of Mr. Malin.

Mr. Samuel Gault returned from Spangler to vote on Tuesday. He says things are booming out there and that carpenters are in demand.

Dr. Thomas R. Hayes and wife, departed last Tuesday evening, for their winter sojourn in Southern California. They will return to Bellefonte again in the spring.

Dr. J. E. Ward, one of our most successful dentists moved last Friday, from the third floor of Criders Exchange to the Lieb residence on corner of Spring and Bishop streets.

James Reed, of Bellefonte, who is one of our officials at Washington, was in town the first of the week He came home to vote for Harrison. He returned to his post of duty on Wednesday.

J. G. Rider, of Gatesburg this county, is now traveling in the West, he writes us this week from McCook Neb. Mr. Rider is moving about from place to place he expects to spend a year in the Western country. We wish him much pleasure and profit.

John T. Johnston, who has been confined to the house for several weeks and has been considered dangerously ill, delighted his friends last Tuesday by appearing among them at the polls. He voted for Harrison and went home again feeling better than he had for weeks.

S. O. Malin, brother of W. L. Malin, of Bellefonte who has been train master on the Northren Central railroad with headquarters at Baltimore, has been promoted to Superintendent of the Bradford Division of the Norfolk and Western R. R. with headquarters at Bradford. His many friends here will be pleased to hear of his good fortune.

Dr. R. G. H. Hayes, whose residence was destroyed by the late fire, has established his office at the residence of Mrs. John Brachbill on same street. The Dr. has a telephone and a boy to answer all calls, which will be promptly attended to. At night the Doctor can be found at the residence of Mr. Hoffer, on corner of Pine and Spring streets.

Daniel S. Keller, Esq, who has been confined to the house with sickness for some time past started for Akron, south Carolina, last Wednesday, accompanied by his wife, where he will spend the winter. He goes in search of health. We hope he will return in the spring renewed in health and vigor. His residence on West Linn street will be closed for the winter the boys go to board with Mrs. Rhone and the girls to their aunt at Pittsburg.

T. D. Weaver, of Moshanon, was in town last Saturday on the pleasant mission of having all his teeth extracted. He called on Dr. Hafer and had twenty teeth pulled before he got out of the chair. That takes some nerve but Mr. Weaver stood it like a hero. He will, no doubt, get a new set that will enable him to eat as well as he did in the days of his youth. Mr W., being a good Presbyterian takes all such trials as a matter of course, it having been ordained to be from the beginning.

FALL OF THE LEAF.

The bright green foliage of summer which is now variegated with golden tints, and leafless trees will soon presage the coming of winter's chilly blasts. Nature has been more than usually lavish in her gifts and abundant crops make the heart of the husbandman glad. With the advent of fall it will be well for all to take proper safeguards against disease. A pure stimulant tones up the enfeebled system. For this purpose use Klein's world-famed "Silver Age" or "Duquesne" rye. Both are warranted absolutely pure. They sell respectiyely at $1.50 and $1.25 per full qurrt. Sold by L. Shloss agent Williamsport Pa.

MOUNTAIN DALE

The coal banks at Mountain Dale Cambria county were all running full time and there is plenty of work here. One of the leading merchants is Peter miller a good business man and straight out republican.

Milfred Reed of Bellefonte is at present visiting his brother George who is engaged in the the coal business, he intends to go home to vote,

A constant reader of the Republican
Nov 1 1892

GENERAL CRAWFORD DEAD.

The Pennsylvania Hero of Gettysburg Passes Away at Philadelphia.

General Samuel Wylie Crawford, who commanded the Pennsylvania reserves at the battle of Gettysburg, died last Thursday evening in his room at the Colonade hotel in Philadelphia. Ever since the close of the rebelion General Crawford has been a sufferer from the effects of a wound received in battle. Wednesday morning he had an attack of apoplexy and was found lying unconcious on his bed.

COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

Council meet in regular session Monday evening with President Hillibish in the chair, seven members all told being present. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

The Street and water committee handed in their reports, the latter one in detail. The Street committee received $65 for sidewalks built for private parties.

The Fire and Police committees report was brief. Mr. Longacre asked for the annual appropriations to the several fire companies. The Finance committee reported balance due treasurer $2500.

In regard to the refunding of the borough debt, there was an animated discussion. The proposal was made that money be advertised for not more than 4 per cent. The resolution was carried. The money will not be wanted until April 1, the amount being $100,000. A motion was made that the advertising for the loan begin at once.

It was moved that 1,000 vitrified brick be ordered for street crossing. The Fire and Police committee were instructed to equip the policeman with necessary uniforms. The Chief of Police was, on motion, given some extra work to do, viz., to make a tour of the town twice a month and report all lights that are out of order.

This will at least give the policemen an opportunity to see the town.

It was moved and seconded that the electric illuminating company be instructed to blow the whistle now on their establishment and used as a fire alarm.

A motion was made that the Logan Engine Company be given $150, the Undine Hose Company $100, and the Coronet Hook and Ladder Company $50 for their appropriations for the current year.

NEWS ITEM.

The Bucknell University foot-ball team defeated the Dickinson College eleven, of Carlisle, in a well played game at Lewisburg, last Saturday. The score was Bucknell, 38; Dickinson, 0. Owing to a very high wind, only three out of eight goals were kicked.

Bucknell plays her next game at State College, November 12. This game will be interesting, since Bucknell defeated the State boys last year, and the teams are evenly matched.

Very Truly,
W. O. Cretzinger.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., Oct. 8 1892

Lillie Bilger, Katherine Hull, Jeannette King, Jr. Kelley, Mrs Grace V. Miller, D le Montague, Mrs Harriett Reed, Minnie Lakamsiens, Mrs. Josie F. Williams.
When called for please say advertised.

J. A. Fiedler, P. M.

Table Talk.

The Thanksgiving number of Table Talk has arrived among our exchanges. It is quite up to the season's requirements; indeed, it would be difficult matter to run over its colums without an increased longing for an interview with those Siames twins of Thanksgiving—turkey and pumpkin pie. Table Talk is always appetizingly talkative, but this month it rather excels itself. Anyone whose appetite is backward in coming up to the scratch should get a copy. It is a tonic very pleasant to swallow, and cheap. One dollar a year is surely little enough to keep one's appetite in repair, and this is all that a year's subscription to Table Talk costs. Try it. Published by the Table Talk Publishing Co., 1113 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

In the Editorial Crucible the Editor of the *Social Economist* for November remarks critically upon Mr. Blaine's article on the Presidential election, and concludes with a rejoinder to the *Evening Post* regarding its assertion that the price of wheat is fixed in Liverpool, showing first that such a thing is an economic impossibility, and second that the theory that the dearest portion determines the general price, instead of being a "new discovery," as the *Post* seems to think, is older than the century, and has been recognized by all standard economists since Ricardo's time.

The election is over now and we can all turn our attention to other matters.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE